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THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

George Meredith has written a long poem on the French Revolution, which will probably be published very soon in a volume by itself.

❀

Mr. Le Gallienne's rendering of the *Rubáiyát*, some stanzas of which appeared in the July *Cosmopolitan*, will be published by Mr. John Lane in October. The edition will be handsomely printed on hand-made, deckel-edged paper, and only 1250 copies will be issued. The price is $2.50, and each copy will be signed by Mr. Le Gallienne.

❀

Mr. Lane has just published a *Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain*, by Theodore Watts-Dunton, with a dedication "to our great contemporary writer of patriotic poetry, Algernon Charles Swinburne."

❀

Mr. Lane has issued three extra numbers of the *International Studio*, containing full-page reproductions, without letterpress, of the pictures in the 1897 exhibitions at the New Gallery, the Royal Academy, and the Paris salons. In *The New Gallery* number there is a reproduction of "The Vampire," by Philip Burne-Jones, which provoked Rudyard Kipling's recent poem with the same title. These extra numbers can be had at thirty-five cents each for the English numbers, and fifty cents for *The Paris Salons*.

❀

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have in press a new volume of poems by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. As a long interval has elapsed since Mr. Stedman's last volume of verse was published, this event will be looked for with special interest, and a warm welcome is sure to await the "late lark singing in the Western sky."

❀

On another page will be found a criticism of Mr. W. E. Henley's treatment of Burns in the Centenary edition, the third volume of which has just been issued in this country by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Mr. William Wallace, the writer of the review, ranks among the foremost Burns specialists, and whatever he has to say on the subject commands respect. Recently we called attention to the masterly edition of the works and biography of Burns, edited by Dr. Robert Chambers, and revised and practically rewritten by Mr. Wallace, and published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company. We learn from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company that the next volume in the Cambridge edition of the poets is to comprise Burns, and will contain Mr. Henley's essay and nearly all the notes of the Centenary edition. So that the lover of Burns who may not care to avail himself of the more expensive work will welcome this one-volume edition, which will practically include all that is valuable in the edition edited and annotated by Messrs. Henley and Henderson. The volume is expected to be ready about the end of October.

❀

We notice that Mr. Thomas Whittaker has just added *The Poetical Works of*

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Robert Burns to the Apollo Poets Series. This contains a chronology of Burns's life and works, which is admirable in its brevity and completeness for reference, and is supplemented by an appendix containing memoranda, an index, and, of course, a glossary. The same firm publishes a cheap popular edition of Shakespeare, unburdened with notes or memoranda of any kind.

❀

Mr. Whittaker will issue early in September a popular edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, edited by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. It will be published complete in one volume, and will also include the *Tour to the Hebrides*. A unique feature in the editing will be a biographical dictionary of every person mentioned in the book. It will be seen at a glance that this will commend the new edition even to those lovers of Johnson who have already other editions of the incomparable *Life* on their shelves.

❀

Early in the year 1891 Messrs. Roberts Brothers had written to Philip Gilbert Hamerton inquiring whether he had decided to write a new book, and upon receiving an answer in the affirmative they wrote to him :

"Yes, we think *The Quest of Happiness* an admirable title for a book destined for the popular heart—so happy that it will of itself sell it. Don't meditate about doing it too long."

We gather from the lately published *Memoir* that the book was expected to be ready for publication in the autumn of 1893, but that it had to be laid aside for more pressing work, and was not resumed until the beginning of the year following. Two hours before his death, on November 4th, 1894, Mr. Hamerton had written these words for *The Quest of Happiness :*

"If I indulge my imagination in dreaming about a country where justice and right would always surely prevail, where the weak would never be oppressed, nor an honest man incur any penalty for his honesty—a country where no animal would ever be ill treated or killed, otherwise than in mercy—that is truly ideal dreaming, because, however far I travel, I shall not find such a country in the world, and there is not any record of such a country in the authentic history of mankind."

Messrs. Roberts Brothers now announce that this work is in press and will be ready in October. *The Quest of Happiness* will make its appeal to the class of readers with whom *The Intellectual Life* has gained so large and permanent a popularity, and a well-known critic who has read the manuscript pronounces it to be the best work Mr. Hamerton ever wrote. Its appearance will in consequence be awaited with keen interest and eagerness.

❀

Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, the author of *Constantinople*, has just finished the translation of a Greek historical romance entitled *Andronike, the Heroine of the Greek Revolution*, by Stephanos Theodore Xenos. "Modern Greece," says Professor Grosvenor, "may be proud of having given the world a historical romance like this. Viewed merely as a story, it is a work of absorbing interest in its plot and execution. At the same time, no other book, whether of description, travel or pure romance, offers so faithful and complete a picture of Greek life to-day." Markos Botsaris, Byron, the native and foreign leaders and the common people of resurrected Greece live again in its pages. It will be published shortly by Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

❀

Jean Ingelow, who died a few weeks ago in London, became famous with her first book of verses almost at a bound. In 1863 Messrs. Roberts Brothers issued a first edition of 25,000 copies, and altogether they have sold since then upward of 150,000 copies of her books in this country. This does not include the numerous editions published at various times by other American firms. Her songs became familiar in every household ; lyrical and dramatic, graceful and fluent, she possessed that happy combination of the domestic and religious qualities which carried her popularity beyond the critics' ban into the heart of that enigmatical person, the general reader. Her high-water mark was reached in "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," which of all her poems will perhaps be longest remembered. Born in the Boston of old England, she lived all her days in quietness and seclusion, welcoming a few literary friends during her recent years at her little house and garden in Kensington. She was old-fashioned and prim in her ways, as in her dress, and although the singer

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of "Wedlock," she died in her seventy-seventh year, unmarried. She always wrote with a high purpose, and never had any care or thought for fame.

❀

The redoubtable Major Pond has just returned from a visit to England after "seeing everybody worth seeing"—he was even within a few feet of the Queen at the Jubilee celebration in St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Anthony Hope will be here to give fifty readings from his own writings in the autumn. Mr. F. Marion Crawford is to deliver a series of lectures upon Italian Art, as well as to read from his novels. The major paid a flying visit to the Isle of Man on his way home, and made a vain attempt to induce Hall Caine to deliver a series of one hundred lectures in America this autumn. Mr. Caine fears the physical fatigue of the undertaking; but Major Pond assured him that "it would make a new man of him," and pointed triumphantly to Ian Maclaren. It is possible that, under certain conditions, Mr. Hall Caine may be prevailed upon to assent to the proposition. Major Pond is naturally flushed with the success he attained with Dr. Watson, whose tour, next to Stanley's, is the most successful he has ever engineered. The clear profits, after defraying all expenses, amounted to $40,000 less fifty cents. There is a strong probability, by the way, of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr becoming Major Pond's latest candidate for platform honours. We should be inclined to think that Mrs. Barr would prove successful as a reader, for her great popularity with the people continues undiminished, and her life is rich in stores of reminiscence and literary associations.

❀

As we announced two months ago, the forthcoming biography of the late Poet Laureate will be published by the Macmillan Company, and not by the Messrs. Harper, as generally stated in the press. It is entitled *Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Memoir*, "by his son," and will appear in October. The work will be in two volumes, and will contain numerous illustrations, portraits, and fac-similes of the poet's manuscript. It will doubtless be the biography of the year.

Tennyson, in a conversation with Professor William Knight in 1890 (*vide Blackwood's* for August), characterised Sir Walter Scott as the greatest novelist of all time. He said, "What a gift it was that Scotland gave to the world in him. And your Burns! he is supreme among your poets." He praised Lockhart's *Life of Scott* as one of the finest of biographies; and Professor Knight's quoting an anecdote of Scott from that book led to Tennyson's telling with arch humour and simplicity some anecdotes of a visit to Scotland. After he had left an inn in the island of Skye, the landlord was asked, "Did he know who had been staying in his house? It was the poet Tennyson." He replied, "Lor'—to think o' that! and sure I thoucht he was a shentleman!" Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of the hotel where he had stayed. "Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?" "Na; but he was a pleesant shentleman." "It was Tennyson, the poet." "An' wha' may *he* be?" "Oh, he is a writer o' verses, sich as ye see i' the papers." "Noo, to think o' that! jeest a pooblic writer, an' I gied him ma best bedroom!" Of Mrs. Tennyson, however, the landlord remarked, "Oh, but *she* was an angel!"

❀

A tale of life in old New York in the first decade of the eighteenth century, by Miss E. Rayner, entitled *Free to Serve*, will be published in a few weeks by Messrs. Copeland and Day. The story starts out from England, whence the heroine is brought to America, where she plays an important part under circumstances which bring life in Puritan New England into contrast with that of Dutch New York. The life, manners and customs of the period have been elaborated with a careful and vivid pen, and the story itself is said to be one of exciting interest.

❀

Despite the keen competition—becoming keener every year—in the publishing business, another band of young men have combined to form a new publishing house in Boston, whose imprint will appear as Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company. The members composing this firm are Mr. Herbert Small, Mr. Laurens Maynard, and Mr. Bliss Carman. Mr. Carman's new volume of

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poetry, *Ballads of a Lost Haven*, has just been published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, but we presume he will be his own publisher in future. In view of the interest aroused by the discussion of Whitman in several quarters lately, it is interesting to learn that the first work to bear the imprint of this firm will be a new edition of the works of Walt Whitman, of which they have acquired the full rights from the poet's literary executors. The publication of Whitman's writings was so irregular and eccentric that the bibliographical account, given on another page, gains a certain value and importance from this fact.

❀

A correspondent calls attention to an omission in Dr. Nicoll's account of Mrs. Oliphant's work in our last number—namely, *The Wizard's Son*. She says that as a psychological study (we have not read it) it is equal if not superior to *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. It did not make the same sensation when published because the element of heredity, the force of inherited traditions and predispositions, do not impress the general public as that dualism of which we are always conscious, and which forms the *motif* of Stevenson's masterpiece.

❀

Nothing could show more clearly the low estate of criticism at the present day than some of the comments which have appeared on Mrs. Oliphant. The *Athenæum*, for example, which professes to be the leading critical journal in England, actually says that *Mrs. Margaret Maitland* is much superior to any production of the newer Scottish novelists, Mr. Barrie included. It may be safe for the moment to make such assertions, because a great many literary people are bitterly jealous of the success of the Scottish school, and because no human being, except a few old fogeys like ourselves, has ever read *Mrs. Margaret Maitland*. But a comparison between that dead book and *A Window in Thrums*, for instance, cannot decently be made. Mrs. Oliphant herself was far too wise not to know this. Her story, *The Marriage of Ellinor*, and Mr. Barrie's story, *The Little Minister*, appeared in *Good Words* at the same time. Mrs. Oliphant's, of course, was a bit of decent craftsmanship, and in respect of plot and arrangement it might have excelled Mr. Barrie's, just as he might be excelled in that matter by some contributors to the *New York Ledger*. The difference, however, between the two was that one was a work of genius, and the other a good decent pot-boiler. Who buys *The Marriage of Ellinor* now? Who will ever buy it or read it again? Mrs. Oliphant was a supremely able woman, and she knew more than the writer in the *Athenæum* gives her credit for, but she was not a genius, and therefore all her books were mortal. Most of them are dead, and the rest are dying. We wish we had the right to quote Mrs. Oliphant's own expressions on this subject. It is not necessary, however; "the great soul of the world is just," after all.

❀

We give verbatim the contents of a postal card which hails from Messina, and which affords us a novel view of English as she is misunderstood by an Italian professor:

Messina, (Dated as the post-timbre)

After the death of Mr. Filippo Serafini, I have undertaken the Direction of the "Archivio giuridico", the most ancient italian Review, which I have intitulated by the name of its illustrious Founder.

The scientific way shall remain unalterated; I only will task to give a larger developpmènt to the bibliographic party.

I therefore address myself to Mrs. the authors and editors, who may send to me their works and inform me of the lately published.

Each work diretly sent to the Direction shall be mentionnèd in the party of the Review to which it is due (*Bibliographic Bulletin*, *Annonces of latest publications*, *Notices*, *Varieties*). In proportion to the price of several works, a particular *annonce-reclame* shall be made of it.

Works edited by delivery shall be mentionned on the coverture, with indication of the last numero and of relative price.

ENRICO SERAFINI
Prof. ord. di diritto nella R. Università

❀

We learn from a correspondent in London that two Chicagoan writers, Mr. Opie Read and Mr. Stanley Waterloo, are very much liked in London, and that the former's *Bolanyo*, which has just been published in this country by Messrs. Way and Williams, is selling very well there. Mr. Waterloo has written an interesting introduction to a new English edition of his first novel, *A Man and a Woman*, in which he has something to say about the "'school of

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literature' lately born in the great region of which Chicago is the metropolis." We are permitted to make the following extracts from this introduction in advance of its publication :

"A first impulse is to say that no such 'school' exists. There are not a few writers in this region, but there is no well-defined school. The valleys of the Mississippi and upper St. Lawrence rivers combine to make a vast country between the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains, in which country a majority of the people of the United States have their being. These millions have, perhaps, as much intelligence and are made up as much of reading communities as are the people of any other great area in the world. The books of a number of writers chancing to live west of the Alleghanies are successfully published and widely read, and the number of authors and readers increase yearly. It is a region of newsdealers at almost every railroad station and in every hamlet. . . .

"Until lately American life was chiefly portrayed as it had been or is on the Atlantic coast, or as it was in the early fifties on the Pacific coast, and as it is no more there nor anywhere else. The great American cities have thus far exercised slight influence upon the writers of American fiction. Our novelists and short story writers have chosen the life of rural communities and small towns for a background. Speaking broadly, American life west of the Alleghanies and east of the Pacific slope has been almost unknown territory in the world of fiction.

"Yet this territory holds most of the real bone and sinew of American life, holds the centre of population, the very core of the continent of North America. From this central region of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley tribute is paid to Chicago. The life of the people of this area is largely concentrated and fully illustrated here, and such life begins to find expression through the writers of Chicago and the Middle West. They should, perhaps, rather be called the 'Chicago group' than the 'Chicago school,' as Sir Walter Besant has christened them—with that quick and kindly appreciation of what is good anywhere, which is one of his characteristics—for they differ greatly in their methods and points of view. Nothing approaching a 'school' or cult of authors exists in Chicago and probably nothing of the kind will ever flourish here. The spirit of the West is too broad, too alive to the immense diversities of human experience and character to admit the sacrifice of individuality to any set form. In Chicago and its vicinity a number of writers who look out upon the world around them, each for himself or herself, have arisen and shown their force. In their books American character and American life appear as existing in the Middle West. Human life has interest everywhere, and, sooner or later, these chroniclers of one quality of it must take their rightful place in the world of literature."

❀

Our correspondent also informs us that Mr. Anthony Hope has just finished his sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and that several critics in London, who have read the new work, hold that Mr. Hawkins has achieved the difficult feat of surpassing himself, and that it is by far the finest thing he has yet done. The new story is to be entitled *Rupert of Hentzau*, and is to be illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. It will begin to appear very shortly as a serial in the pages of *McClure's Magazine*, and will be subsequently published in book form by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company.

❀

Mr. Max Pemberton has just finished the new novel which was secured by Mr. Munsey during his recent visit to London for his magazine. We learn, however, that instead of waiting to issue this in the magazine he will publish it at once in the *Argosy*. It is called *The Phantom Army*, and is the story of a man who wrecks his own life and that of many others, and brings about a revolution through the mania that he is endowed with Napoleonic military power.

❀

Mr. Mason's next historical romance is to be called *Lawrence Clavering*, and will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The original title, *The White Rose*, has been wisely abandoned. This book is much on the lines of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, but the character sketching is more carefully done, and the incident is brisk and vigorous.

❀

We understand that the interest in Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* has quickened the demand for his former work, *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*. It may not be generally known that this work has been translated into several foreign languages. A Japanese translation is in use as a text-book in the highest military university in Japan, and also in the naval university ; an edition has also been translated and published in Brazil, and a Russian edition, translated by the Russian admiral stationed in China, has recently appeared. The Japanese translation, so we learn from a letter of Lafcadio Hearn's, is published by order of the Tōbō Kyōkwai, a patriotic society, including noblemen of high rank. Among the leading naval authorities in Japan who have highly recommended Captain Mahan's work is

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Captain Kinotanki Kaneynki, the head of the Naval Officers' Society, and styled by his countrymen "the Mahan of Japan."

❀

The passer-by happening to glance at the bill-board outside the Haymarket Theatre, in London, on Tuesday morning of July 13th would have seen the poster of which we give a fac-simile from the London *Sketch*. Some half dozen people braved the exorbitant price of admission to witness a performance which is only a farce in order to satisfy the idiotic requirements of the copyright law. Mr. Barrie played two parts, *Lord Rintoul* and *Snecky Hobart*. Mr. Richard Harding Davis took the part of *Captain Halliwell*. Mr. Harold Frederic was *Silva Tosh*, Mr. Cyril Maude represented *Gavin Dishart* (the Little Minister) and *Thwaites;* the bewitching *Babbie* was played by Mrs. Barrie. One of the characters in the cast, *Joe Cruikshanks*, represented by A. Non, suggests that this may have been a misprint for "A Mon," and curiosity has aroused one writer to wonder whether this was not Dr. Robertson Nicoll, one of Mr. Barrie's earliest admirers. We confess that knowing Dr. Nicoll to be a man who has played many parts, it would not at all astonish us to learn that for the nonce he had donned the buskin and confronted the footlights. Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, who are to play the two principal parts, are old friends of the Barries.

THEATRE ROYAL
HAYMARKET
Sole Lessee ... Mr FREDERICK HARRISON.
MANAGERS ... MR. FREDERICK HARRISON & MR. CYRIL MAUDE
TO-DAY
TUESDAY, JULY 13th 1897
AT 10.30,
Will be presented (for the first time) a New Play, in Four Acts, called
THE LITTLE MINISTER
By J. M. BARRIE.
Admission ... FIVE GUINEAS.

❀

Mr. Barrie's readers will remember that "dagont was the swear" in Thrums—in *Sentimental Tommy* the hero's "dagont" (or "stroke" when a less innocuous word was intended) divides the honours with Corp's "methinks!" In that delicious piece of fooling, *The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl*, in which Mr. Le Gallienne is believed to have parodied himself under the guise of "Richard De Lyrienne," but which is really a collaboration by two young Glasgow journalists, one of the mirth-provoking scenes turns on Mr. Barrie's frequent use of "dagont." De Lyrienne, in his quest for the Gilt-edged Girl, is directed to Thrums. "Go North, young man, go North. Try Thrums." And to Thrums he goes.

I found Barrie at home when I called. I sent in my card, and James, smoking a clay and wearing the relics of a pair of slippers, appeared in the doorway. In his left hand he held a copy of the *British Weekly*, which he nervously endeavoured to shove into his trouser pocket.

"De Lyrienne, I jalouse, frae the picters in the windies," he hailed me.

"Barrie, I suppose," I remarked.

We shook hands. The Thrums cinematographer's views of the scene are now being shown all over America, from Maine to San Francisco, from Behring Straits to Panama.

"Hoots, lad," he said, "I'm rale gled to see ye. You're lookin' weel. Aiblins ye'll hae a cogie o' tea wi' the wife an' me?"

I stepped inside and was cordially greeted by Mrs. Barrie. I recognised Claudius Clear's portrait above the fireplace, and I noticed a snapshot of my host in Highland costume as he appeared at the Blairgowrie games in the summer of 189–. After tea, Mrs. Barrie having left the room, I observed to Mr. Barrie that I should like to have a few words with him in private on important business.

"Richt, lad," he rejoined, filling up his old briar with the immortal mixture, and passing me the tin. "We'll tak'a bit stroll."

It was a fine July evening.

"I will talk as man to man," I began.

"Richt," said he.

"It is no detail that has brought me from London— Ah, London; London, my—"

"Ay, I ken," he interpolated, somewhat unfeelingly, I thought.

"I want you to give me a pledge, a solemn pledge. You will promise me?"

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"May be," he replied cautiously.

"I ask you by all that's 'copy' never to use 'dagont' any more."

He started, his pipe fell to the ground, he shook my hand with a nervous grip, and as he looked up into my eyes he said, in a quavering voice:

"I canna, man, I canna; I've tae mak' ma livin'. Tak' awa' ony thing ye like, but dinna tak' awa' dagont."

"Your decision is irrevocable? You decline to do this, even in honour of the Record Reign?"

"Ay."

A tear rose in his eye.

"Farewell," I said; "a long farewell. Henceforth we are strangers."

And I strode off into the night.

By the way, has "dagont" any relation to our "dogoned"?

❀

De Lyrienne pokes some fun also at Hall Caine's propensities in fiction. In his search after the Gilt-edged Girl he visits the Isle of Man, where he finds his friend "Al Kane" devoting himself assiduously to the study of girls, both Gilt-edged and Morocco-bound.

"Al," I said, "I am looking for a girl with a strawberry mark."

Al whipped a note-book from his pocket and scrawled a line in it.

"Now, look here, Al," I remonstrated, "you are not to work that into your next book. I insist upon the copyright of that strawberry mark."

Al's lip curled contemptuously. "What a weird imagination you have, Dick!" he said. "I wasn't thinking about it. It just occurred to me that Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would make good characters for my next story. I shall make Solomon an M.P. and the Queen of Sheba a society journalist. You know the animal?"

"I have seen specimens in London."

"Ah, London, London, my delight," murmured Al. "Fine poem that, Richard. It inspired me to write another, do you know? It runs:

> "'Ah, Douglas, Douglas, my delight;
> Your Brighton and your Isle of Wight,
> For ozoned air and girls with wit
> Are certainly quite out of it.'

How's that? I wrote that for the Guide Book."

❀

Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, *The Christian*, which has just been published by the Messrs. Appleton, is likely to be the subject of much hot discussion during the next few months. It may be interesting to know that his first novel, *The Shadow of a Crime*, instead of passing through the usual ordeal of repeated rejections, was immediately accepted by a firm of publishers who have by this time good reason to congratulate themselves on their courage and enterprise, especially as *The Shadow of a Crime*, like its successor, *A Son of Hagar*, was more promising than satisfying. It may surprise those readers who have held up to scorn the striking episode, in *The Shadow of a Crime*, of the horse wandering for weeks among the lonely fells of the lake-district with a coffined corpse strapped to its back, to learn that this is no fantastic invention, but is based on a well-authenticated tradition. Apropos of *The Shadow of a Crime*, we reproduce, for the amusement of our readers, a clever advertisement, in which an enterprising and wide-awake firm is utilising the fresh interest awakened in Mr. Caine's work to arrest the eye of the reader.

❀

Very few who knew Mr. Hall Caine by his work twenty years ago saw in it

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any promise of the work he is doing to-day. It provides one of the best contemporary examples of the achievement possible to persistent endeavour and rigorous self-criticism. The literary crudities of his youth were only too apparent to the friends of his early days, when he used to contribute the theatrical criticism of the *Argus*, a weekly journal started in 1876, under the editorship of the late James Ashcroft Noble. The four initials, T. H. H. C., appended to the column headed "From Our Stall," soon became well known to Liverpool playgoers. A series of papers on "Foreigners in Liverpool" were, on the whole, less successful. Mr. Caine's literary tastes had led him to the somewhat exclusive study of authors with a marked idiosyncrasy of manner, and Carlyle and Lamb were his special favourites. The irritating rhetoric of the following passage in an article upon "The German," unearthed from the now defunct *Argus*, is at once obvious to the average newspaper reader who is enamoured of plain literary pedestrianism. Thus did Mr. Caine celebrate the musician of the German band.

"Yonder lounging fellow in the cap and blouse is a fitting object for curiosity, and, could we but think it, for veneration, too. What though he be the veriest music-monger that ever engaged gratuitously to discourse the jerky strains of itinerant harmony through the streets of Liverpool, is he not of kindred blood with Weber and with Wagner, and are not his chords some echoes, more or less distinct, of the giant efforts of his prototypes? Nay, is not his sheer existence in his public capacity the measure of his libation on the shrine of his heroes? Though he pursue his invidious office for the merest pittance scraped out of the halfpence of exalted public generosity, is he not imitating in this particular the example of his own Luther and of our Goldsmith, who, pale, cold, and friendless, piped their mournful strains for even slenderer reward to the stony streets and sometimes stonier hearts of Wittenberg?"

The editor had sad reason to know that the articles, of which the above is a sample, aroused in the breasts of certain readers of his magazine a spirit of rebellion not unlike that which stirred the subscriber to *Fraser's Magazine*, who, in the days of the monthly appearance of *Sartor Resartus*, wrote to inquire how long "that d—d tailor" was to be allowed to continue his contributions. Mr. Caine's legitimate retirement from the staff of the *Argus* came about in the most natural and peaceful way as the result of the not unfamiliar necessity of "cutting down expenses."

❀

With Mr. Hall Caine's achievements during more recent years readers are fairly familiar. With regard to this or that characteristic of his work there may be legitimate difference of opinion, but it may be unhesitatingly said that no living novelist has displayed more unswerving loyalty to his art. Mr. Caine believes that sentiment and not cynicism is the true ally of humour. Where sentiment has been strongest in literature the humour has been richest and most natural. "The big heart of the world," he says, "is like the heart of a babe—as simply and as easily touched—but only by sentiment, honest, healthy sentiment. I know there is a little band of people who write to whom that word is like the red rag to the bull. They call it 'bleating,' and heaven knows what else, and try to escape from the flabby thing into a sort of frantic paganism that sits on them rather strangely. Their splendid energy is thrown away—they need not be in a hurry. As Mr. Buchanan says, 'There is no sentiment in literature in these days to fly away from. I wish there were. We could very well do with more of the spirit of Dickens.'"

❀

Mr. Hall Caine's views of the modern novel are very interesting. Touching the fact that the literary mind in these times is running too much in the way of invention, he says, "It would be ungracious of me to depreciate my fellow-craftsmen, but surely nothing is plainer than that more people are writing novels than can invent a story. Invention, as Keats said, is the essence of imaginative art. Without it a novel is only gossip and observation. There are some critics who recommend a development of that side of fiction which is purely observatory. Since the novel, like Aaron's rod, has eaten up all other forms of literary activity with us, they say, let it give us knowledge. This is, I am sure, a mischievous theory. Rather let these critics tell folks who cannot invent and can only observe to write histories and treatises and tracts. The novel must not and will not be made a lesson book; the quality of imaginative writing al-

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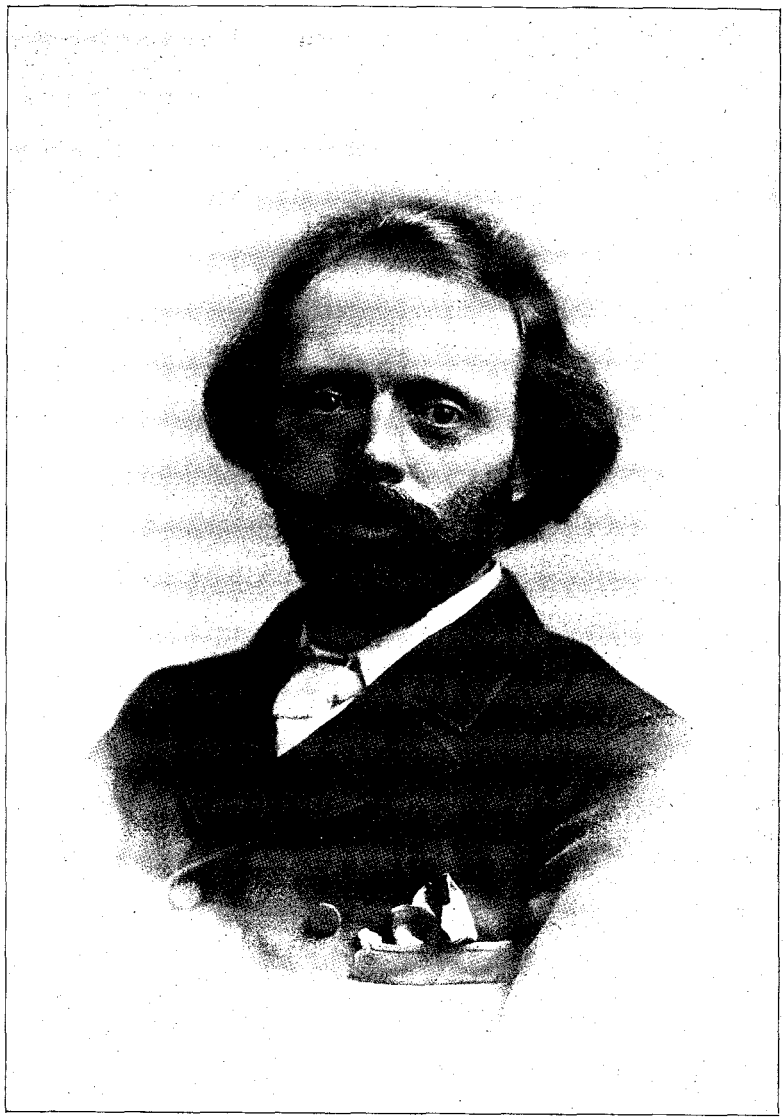
ways has and always must depend upon the originality of its invention and the strength of its passion, and the highest examples of the novelist's art are those in which the motive is fresh and the greatest number of the great passions are brought into play. Without invention and passion a book may have all the knowledge of the encyclopædias and yet be no novel. At the same time, I go so far with these critics as to think that the novelist should spare no pains to make his background right and true. Most notable in all the modern fiction seems to me to be its lack of invention. Its observation is very remarkable indeed. Pictures of manners, descriptions of scenes, reproductions of local dialects, these are quite wonderful in the novels of the day. Perhaps there never was a time when the secondary qualities of English fiction stood so high. But except in a few instances, invention, its very best quality, does not stand high, and passion is not great in it. The conventional novel of the day is interesting and strong; it is the final deposit of the invention of a hundred years; but the genius of a novelist is shown in his power to break away from it."



HALL CAINE.

From his latest photograph.

It is to be noted that Mr. Hall Caine, while remarking the omnipresence of the "observatory" in the novel of to-day, does not disparage this quality, but deplores the absence of high imaginative power with it; for in his own work we cannot fail to be impressed by the amount of careful study of dialect and traditions, and the almost unexaggerated transcripts from local history. Whether Mr. Hall Caine take us to Northern Europe, as in *The Bondman*, to Northern Africa, as in *The Scapegoat*,

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or to his own tight little island, as in *The Deemster* and *The Manxman*, or to the great metropolis, as in *The Christian*, there is always the same studious fidelity in its presentation of the details of his chosen background.

❀

In the *Academy* of June 26th the question is asked, What was doing in the literary world this month sixty years ago? A forage among the literary publications, magazines and periodicals of the time has yielded some interesting results. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1837, contains nothing of very great literary interest, but it reviews, as again the literary journals are now doing, a collection of Johnsoniana. *Bentley's Miscellany* ought to contain the ninth and tenth chapters of *Oliver Twist*, which began its serial issue in February, but instead we have a suspension of the story and the following notice:

"Since the appearance of the last number of this work, the editor has had to mourn the sudden death of a very dear young relative, to whom he was most affectionately attached, and whose society had been, for a long time, the chief solace of his labours. He has been compelled to seek a short interval of rest and quiet."

The grief into which Charles Dickens had been plunged was caused by the death of his sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, a bright, lovable girl of seventeen, in whom he saw his ideal of girlhood. The issue of the June instalment of *The Pickwick Papers*, which was also in hand, was delayed for the same reason. Apropos of Pickwick lore, a glance during the same month at *The Idler and Breakfast Table Companion*, a rather pleasant little paper describing itself as a "Fashionable Journal of Literature, Fine Arts," etc., discovers the following tidbit:

"*The Penny Pickwick*. Edited by Bos. Illustrated by Phis. (Lloyd.)

"We notice this contemptible publication with a view to call the attention of Mr. Dickens and his worthy publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to the fact of its existence: and also to caution the unwary against being made the dupes of so base an artifice. The plan of the work is precisely similar to the *genuine* publication, and the names of the characters introduced are only literally altered. For instance, Mr. Tupman is rechristened Tup*nall*; Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Snod*green*; Mr. Winkle, Mr. Winkle*top*, etc., etc. This vile act of plagiarism requires summary punishment; and however low-bred and base-born the person who practises it may be, still he should be made to feel the power of the strong arm of the law. The publication being infamously printed, and therefore unlikely to sell among persons of discernment, will be no fitting excuse for Mr. Lloyd; nor can he readily get over the substitution of the word Bos for Boz; or Phis for Phiz."

Fraser's Magazine is dull, but the London *Westminster Review* has an article on Carlyle's *French Revolution*, which had just been published. Thackeray's name does not show, but it must be remembered that his first book, *The Paris Sketch Book*, did not appear until 1840. It is interesting to note, however, that he writes the review of Carlyle's *French Revolution* in the *Times*.

❀

Mr. Murray, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Colburn, and Messrs. Longman and Company are the most active publishers of books in June, 1837. Mr. John Murray, the first, is advertising the first volume of Hallam's *Literary History of Europe*; Volumes I. and II. of Lord Mahon's *History of England*, also Byron's works in one volume at twenty shillings. Mr. Bentley is announcing Theodore Hook's *Jack Brag* and Samuel Lover's *Rory O'More*. He is also issuing Fenimore Cooper's *England; with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis*. This book consists of letters that Cooper had written to his friends during his residence in England. Mr. Henry Colburn is bringing out Captain Marryat's *Snarleyyow*, which has been running in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. The Macmillan Company, by the way, issued a new illustrated edition of this novel a few weeks ago. We also find that Mr. Colburn is pushing Mr. Disraeli's *Venetia*, a long review of which appears in *Fraser's Magazine*. Messrs. Longman and Company, among other good things, are issuing the fourth volume of Southey's curious and erudite work *The Doctor*. One paper reviewing it thinks that the author, "if he be not positively mad, is certainly one of the most pedantic, egotistical, and vain nondescripts of the age."

❀

Charles Dickens, like many other famous authors who have begun their career by courting the wench journalism, that grisette of literature, according to Mr. Barrie, who has a smile and a hand for all beginners, contributed a great deal of anonymous literature to the

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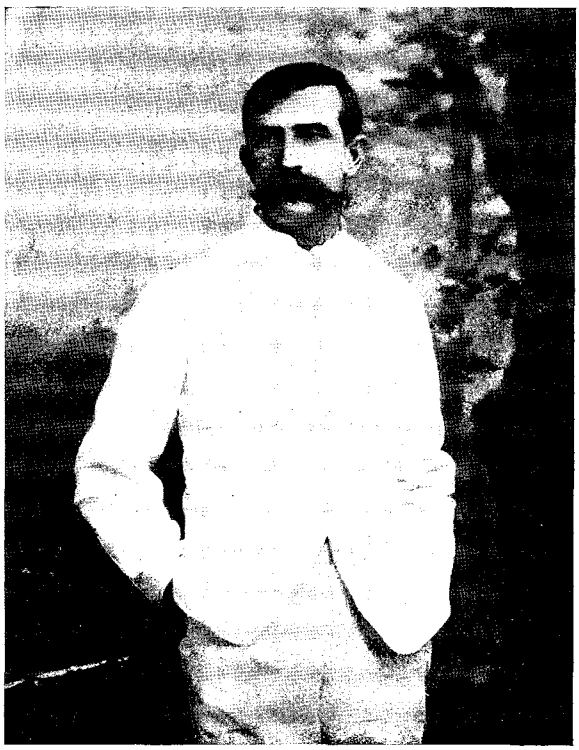
magazines and periodicals of his early days, which has been identified and collected by Mr. Frederick G. Kitton, a well-known Dickens authority in London. These sketches, many of them hitherto unpublished in this country, will appear in book-form, with an introductory chapter by Mr. Kitton, about the beginning of October, with the imprint of the New Amsterdam Book Company. Mr. Elliot Stock, of London, has just published in an attractive form a useful, accurate, and entertaining volume on the novels of Charles Dickens by Mr. Kitton. Mr. Kitton is a thorough scholar, and has gathered his facts with great industry, and his book is a noteworthy addition to Dickensiana.

❀

Speaking of Dickens, we recall the fact that the average sale of the first five numbers of *Pickwick* was only fifty copies of each number, and that by the time the work had terminated the circulation had attained to forty thousand copies. *Martin Chuzzlewit* as a serial was at first a comparative failure, the average number per month never exceeding twenty-three thousand, which was only half the circulation of its predecessors. *Dombey and Son*, a much poorer book, was brilliantly successful, but rather disappointed its readers. *David Copperfield* did poorly in serial form, but was enormously popular as a book. We have again to opine that justice has rarely been done to that strikingly able novel *Great Expectations*, much the finest of Dickens's later books. Even Mr. Kitton, in his very just appreciation of Dickens, misses the chance of accentuating this fact, and fails to do justice to the unmistakable power and vitality of this novel.

❀

When once the charm of a wild roving life has got into a man's blood the trammels of civilisation are irksome and its atmosphere is hard to breathe. It is not surprising to learn, consequently, that Mr. Louis Becke has tired of his visit to



Faithfully Yours
Louis Becke

England and has sailed for the South Seas to take up his life once more "by reef and palm," in his old occupation of supercargo. It is rumoured that he has also grown weary of writing, and that we shall have no more stories from him. But once a man has tasted printer's ink, even though writing may be a toil to him, as it is to Mr. Becke, it goes hard with him to lay down the pen for good and all. Besides, we can ill afford to miss the fascinating stories which it is in his power, as it is in the power of few writers to-day, to give us. True, they are of the kind that Mrs. Meynell, in her amusing way, calls "decivilised;" but the study of human nature among primitive races, untrammelled by the artificial conditions of an elaborate civilisation, is as important as it is full of interest. The New Amsterdam Book Company has just issued a new volume by him entitled *Pacific Tales*, which contains some of the best work

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he has yet done, and from which the accompanying portrait, from a photograph recently taken in London, has been reproduced by permission of the publishers. A notice of the book appears on another page in conjunction with Mr. Wells's *Thirty Strange Stories.*

❀

Mr. Edward Arnold will publish at once a new story by Mr. H. G. Wells, entitled *The Invisible Man.* Mr. Wells's scientific romance, *The War of the Worlds*, which is now appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*, will be published by Mr. Arnold later in the year. Mr. Wells has been at work on a longer novel, which he calls *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, intermittently for more than a year, and is also thinking over another romance of *The Time-Machine* type. The best of all Mr. Wells's books (and in two years he has produced over half a dozen) is his delightful bicycling idyll, *The Wheels of Chance*, published by the Macmillan Company about a year ago. It may be interesting to those who have read this story, and who remember the pathetic figure of the draper's apprentice, who is the hero of the story, to learn that Mr. Wells went in for the drapery business when fifteen years old, and had two years' experience as a draper's apprentice. Mr. Wells's favourite among his books is *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, but we venture to think that the popular verdict would be in favour of *The Wheels of Chance.* A portrait of Mr. Wells appeared in THE BOOKMAN for January last.

❀

The *Young Woman* for August publishes an interview with Mrs. Steel, the author of *On the Face of the Waters*, from which we learn that her first novel, entitled *Wide Awake*, was written in 1884, and that three years later she published privately *A Complete Indian Cook and Housekeeper Guide*, which, strange to say, has been one of her most successful books. *Tales from the Punjab* followed this, and *From the Five Rivers* appeared in 1893, *The Potter's Thumb* in 1894, *Red Rowans* in the year following, and *On the Face of the Waters* last autumn. Interrogated as to her methods of work, she said: "I always try to be absolutely accurate in every detail of my stories. I study my plots for months, sometimes years, and I am most particular when writing not to make any erasures or corrections; if I do so I rewrite the whole page, and I think I may say that my manuscript is extremely neat and legible. I was past thirty when I published my first volume of folk-tales, which has recently been reprinted." Mrs. Steel has also written text-books on elementary physiology, hygiene and domestic economy, which are used in the girls' schools of India, with which she has been connected for twenty-five years. "When I was appointed Inspectress of the Government Schools in the Punjab and a member of the Educational Committee, I found my study of the life and language of the natives essential, and it helped me greatly in my work. I had to award the Government's grants, and I can assure you my life at times was anything but an easy one, and it has not been untinged by sorrows and anxieties. . . . If you are always desirous of keeping your life 'sun-rayed,' you must learn to laugh, even though you can feel the strong pathos and see the pity of every-day circumstances, disillusions, and sorrows. I love Thackeray, and I understand his writings better than any I have ever read, for he was always capable of laughing when his heart was hurt, and he could also make his readers laugh at his own tears."

❀

Mrs. Steel had thought of her novel of the Mutiny for many years, and spent three years thinking it out before she took up her pen to write a word; then she went to India alone, and lived for three months by herself in the Mussulman quarter of a small Punjab town. She had no servant and did all her own work, sleeping at night, as is the custom, upon the roof in the starlight. Then she went to Delhi, where she studied every incident of her story and took photographs of several places, so as to get the colour of her book as strong as possible. When, on her return, she started to write she was able to recall by this means every detail. For nine months after her return to England she spent most of the time in the Indian office reading all the papers and manuscripts in connection with the Indian Mutiny. Mrs. Steel is at present engaged on a new novel, but she will probably not complete it until she has taken another trip to India.

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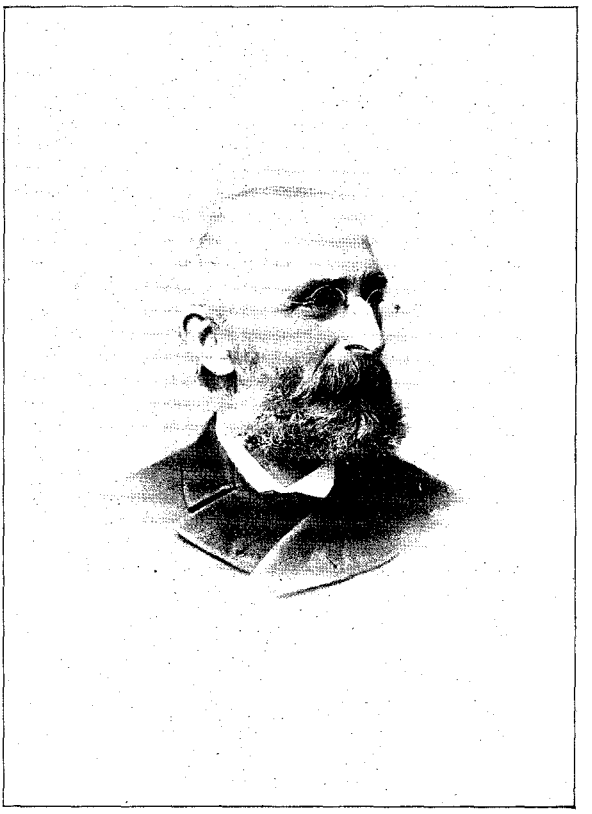

Faithfully yours
Elbridge S. Brooks

Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks had already won for himself a large following in the world of juvenile readers from the days when *Historic Boys* and *Historic Girls* were a feature of *St. Nicholas*, years before he projected his famous Century Book Series; but, since then, his name has become a household word all over the continent. The first of these books was *The Century Book for Young Americans*, the story of the Government, issued under the auspices of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, with an introduction by General Horace Porter, the president-general of the Society. The book at once became very popular, not only through its entertaining story, but through its attractive form, containing something like two hundred illustrations. It has been widely used, as has also his *True Story of the United States* and his *Life of Washington* and *Life of Lincoln*, for supplementary reading in the leading private and public schools of the country. Mr. Brooks followed this first "Century Book" with *The Century Book of Famous Americans;* this was the story of a young people's pilgrimage to historic homes, issued under the auspices of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, with an introduction by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, the president-general of the Society. And now we have, most important of all, *The Century Book of the American Revolution*, the story of the pilgrimage of a party of young people to the battlefields of the Revolution. Not since Benjamin Lossing published his *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, in 1855, has it occurred to any one to make a book which should describe and illustrate the battlefields of the Revolution. We have seen the advance sheets of Mr. Brooks's latest book in this successful series, and apart from the extreme interest of the subject, the author has surpassed his previous books in his delightful narrative manner, in the picturesque and dramatic setting of the great historic scenes, and in the variety of his illustrations, and the graphic way in which the narrative is touched at every point with some apt picture. These illustrations have, for the most part, been reproduced afresh from new photographic views. We understand that Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, of the Century Company, accompanied the author, with his camera, on his trip to the battlefields and famous scenes of the Revolution, and that many of the illustrations were reproduced from photographs taken by Mr. Ellsworth. This book is also issued under the auspices of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and contains an introduction by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. We should not be surprised if it prove to be the most popular book for boys and girls published during the season. It is Mr. Brooks's twenty-fifth volume, and will be published on Sep-

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FONTOURA XAVIER.

tember 24th by the Century Company. About the same time his *True Story of U. S. Grant* will be issued by the Lothrop Publishing Company, for which house Mr. Brooks has been editor and literary adviser ever since he left the editorial staff of *St. Nicholas* in 1887.

❀

In a recent number of the *Revue de Revues* of Paris M. Louis Pilate de Brinn Gaubast, the eminent French poet, discusses the work of the native contemporary Brazilian poets. Honourable mention is made of Raymundo de Correa, Alberto de Oliveira, Valentim Magalhaens, Fontoura Xavier, Theophilo Dias, Mucio Teixeira, Isidoro Martins, Sylvio Romero, Filinto de Almeida, and Hugo Leal. Of these he selects Fontoura Xavier, Raymundo de Correa, Alberto de Oliveira, and Valentim Magalhaens as men whose work may be studied with profit by the lovers of letters in every clime. Of these Señor Xavier is in all probability the best known in this country. He has resided here for some years, and now occupies the position of Consul-General of Brazil in New York City. Two of his most famous poems are on American subjects—namely, "Niagara Falls" and "The Bald-Headed Eagle," poems which are familiar to every student of Portuguese literature. The more important of the poems of Valentim Magalhaens have been gathered into a volume bearing the title *Cantos e Luctas*, which may be translated into *Songs and Struggles*. Raymundo de Correa and Alberto de Oliveira, although receiving their due meed of praise, do not commend themselves to the French poet, for the reason that they are less imaginative than their contemporaries, and evince in their work unmistakable evidence of having been influenced by the school of Coppée and Leconte de Lisle.

❀

These Brazilian writers are entire strangers to the French poet and critic, and he declares that he feels less hesitancy in criticising their work than if they were acquaintances. The most striking characteristic of the poetical production of these Brazilian poets is their highly developed imaginative quality. The poems are chiefly lyrical and dramatic, the former being full of passion and a certain voluptuousness, and the latter full of energy and fire. A Northern eye detects at once the absence of all discussion of political or scientific themes in their work, holding as they do, one and all, that poetry is not adapted to the field of polemics, but should appeal to the heart. M. de Brinn Gaubast claims that the work of Brazil's poets is worthy of the attention of the reader as well as of the student, and that its imaginative quality and power of originality give the poets an important place in contemporaneous literature.

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KEEPER, FLOSSIE, AND THE CAT.

From an original water-colour drawing by Emily Brontë.

RELICS OF EMILY BRONTË.

BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE."

"Every one," said Mr. J. M. Barrie at the Stevenson Memorial Meeting in Edinburgh, "who had come under the spell of Emily Brontë would fight on to the end." Herein Mr. Barrie echoes the sentiment of hundreds of thoughtful men and women who have been touched by the genius of the staunch, silent girl, and by her brief, enigmatical life. We know so little about her. Charlotte's letters are practically our only source of information. Emily had not her sister's capacity for responding to the affections of commonplace people, and all her life she was surrounded by people more or less commonplace. The anxiety for some facts to weave around her story has doubtless led to the invention of a few incidents. As is the case with other Brontë legends, and legends not of the Brontës, stories have been built up from the Brontë books, and assumed to be incidents in the life of this remarkable family. It was highly creditable to Miss Mary Robinson that when she wrote her monograph on Emily Brontë* she should have gone down into Yorkshire and taken much trouble to collect facts about the little known Emily. That she obtained so little was due to the difficulties of the situation.

EMILY BRONTË'S DOG "GINGER."

Sketched by herself.

* "Emily Brontë. Eminent Women Series.

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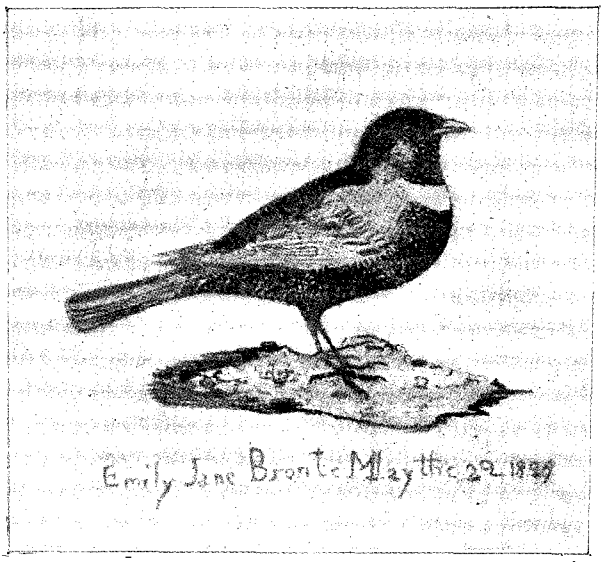


AN ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPHED SKETCH BY EMILY BRONTË.

There were no facts, because Emily rigidly avoided people, and preferred that she should be unknown. It irritated her, as we see in Charlotte's letters, that there should be the slightest suspicion abroad that Ellis Bell was a woman. Even the story that Emily saved her brother from fire seems to rest upon the scantiest evidence.

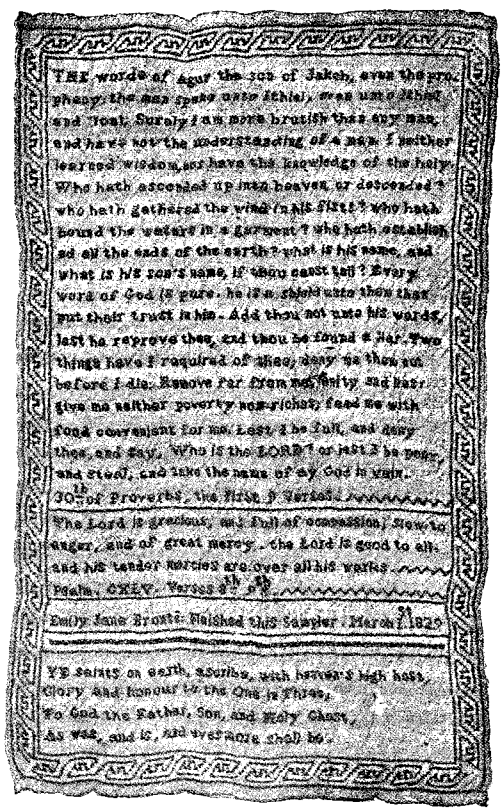
In any case, Shakespeare himself is not more elusive, although the one is separated from us by more than three centuries, and the other is of yesterday. There are at least six people still living who knew Emily Brontë—who met her face to face—and yet we have no definite conception of her, and little by which to remember her. The two letters in her handwriting which have been published are not now traceable. One was supposed to be in the possession of Lord Houghton, but his son, the Earl of Crewe, tells me he cannot find it. A few scanty manuscripts there are of her published and unpublished verses. Here, for example, is a fac-simile of the original of one of her most striking poems—a poem printed by Charlotte Brontë as "the last lines my sister Emily ever wrote." I found the original in a small note-book in which were all the poems which Charlotte Brontë published under the title of *Selections from Poems by Ellis Bell*—all these poems are in this precious volume, and many others. It might be urged that it is unfair to publish any verses which Emily Brontë did not herself sanction, and yet her sister did not hesitate to select some twenty poems from this very manuscript volume. Forty years later, when curiosity has become so rife concerning Emily Brontë, and the means of gratifying it are so slight, I may, I hope, be forgiven for publishing yet another poem by her, and this manuscript:

Jan. 6th, 1840.

Thy sun is near meridian height,
And my sun sinks in endless night;
But if that night bring only sleep,
Then I shall rest, while thou wilt weep.

And say not, that my early tomb
Will give me to a darker doom;
Shall these long agonising years
Be punished by eternal tears?

No; *that*, I feel, can never be;
A God of *hate* could hardly bear
To watch through all eternity
His own creation's dread despair!



EMILY BRONTË'S SAMPLER.

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The pangs that wring my mortal breast,
Must claim from Justice lasting rest :
Enough, that this departing breath
Will pass in anguish worse than death.

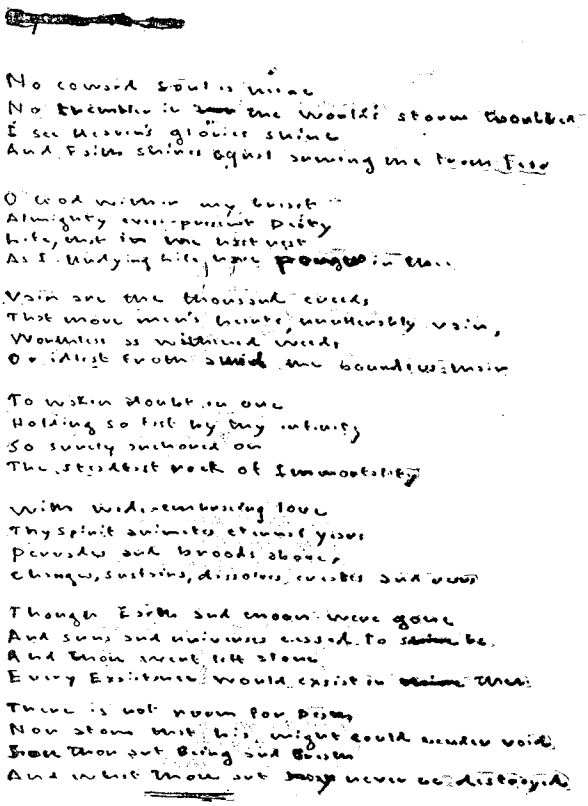
If I have sinned, long, long ago
That sin was purified by woe :
I've suffered on thro' night and day ;
I've trod a dark and frightful way.

Earth's wilderness was round me spread,
Heaven's tempests beat my naked head ;
I did not kneel : in vain would prayer
Have sought one gleam of mercy there !

Go, load my memory with shame ;
Speak but to curse my hated name ;
My tortured limbs in dungeons bind,
And spare my life to kill my mind.

Leave me no chains and darkness now,
And when my very soul is worn ;
When reason's light has left my brow,
And madness cannot feel thy scorn :

Then come again : thou wilt not shrink—
I know thy soul is free from fear—
The last full cup of triumph drink,
Before the blank of death be there.



FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF EMILY BRONTË'S MOST FAMOUS POEM.

How could I ask for pitying love,
When that grim concave frowned above,
Hoarding its lightnings to destroy
My only and my priceless joy ?

They struck—and long may Eden shine
Ere I could call its glories mine ;
All Heaven's undreamt felicity
Could never blot the past from me.

No ! years may cloud and death may sever ;
But what is done, is done for ever—
And thou, false friend and treacherous guide,
Go sate thy cruel heart with pride.

Thy raving, dying victim see ;
Lost, cursed, degraded, all for thee !
Gaze on the wretch—recall to mind
His golden days left long behind.

Does memory sleep in Lethean rest ?
Or wakes its whisper in thy breast ?
O memory wake ! let scenes return,
That e'en her haughty heart must mourn !

Reveal ; when o'er a lone green wood
The moon of summer pours,
Far down from heaven its silver flood,
On deep Eldenna's shores :

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There, lingering in the wild embrace,
Youth's warm affections gave,
She sits and fondly seems to trace
His features in the wave.

And while on that reflected face
Her eyes intently dwell;
"Fernando, sing to-night," she says,
"The lays I love so well."

He smiles and sings, though every air
Betrays the faith of yesterday;
His soul is glad to cast for her
Virtue and faith and Heaven away.

Well, thou hast paid me back my love!
But, if there be a God above,
Whose arm is strong, whose word is true,
This hell shall wring thy spirits too!

Personal relics of Emily Brontë there are—her own sketch of "Ginger," her first dog, for example, and her water-colour drawing of "Keeper," her second dog. "Keeper" is in the company of "Flossie," Anne's little King Charlie, and of the family cat. Emily was very fond of animals. "We have got 'Flossie;' got and lost 'Tiger;' lost the hawk 'Hero,'" she says in one of the lines of her too scanty diary. We have all heard of "Keeper's" conflict with his mistress, of the wound which she cauterised herself, of his fidelity as a mourner. The only glimpse of "Keeper" in his later years that is known to me was furnished by the late Mr. John Stores Smith, in an article which he wrote for the *Free Lance*, a Manchester paper, in 1868.* Mr. Smith had attracted the notice of Charlotte Brontë by his book on Mirabeau. She had told him he might call and see her at Haworth, which he did in 1850—long after she had attained to fame, and long after her brother and sisters had died.

"In those days I possessed a dog which had become a loved companion of my rambles. This dog arrived at the garden wicket simultaneously with myself. Now it so chanced that the dog of the parsonage was taking his siesta in the sun at that very moment, and lay curled into a huge ball on the doorstep. He was very old, almost toothless, and I believe wholly blind. His breed was conglomerate, combining every species of English canineity from the turnspit to the sheepdog, with a strain of Haworth originality superadded. This had been the companion of Emily Brontë in her long strolls across the hills, when she wandered afar, with brain seething with weird imaginations; and later, when she sought the congenial melancholy of the moors with weakening footstep, and heart and brain gradually fading before the fatal advance of the English atropos—consumption. In the exuberance of his youth, with tail wagging and ears cocked, my dog trotted gaily up to this poor old memento of the past, and in a second there was such an uproar as Haworth churchyard had seldom or never heard. With an angry roar, the old dog, by sheer weight, rolled the younger one over, and commenced a painless worrying with his toothless gums; and the other, smarting under the first rebuff he had yet encountered, howled from vexation, rather than from pain. In a minute or less I had nipped up my animal and held him under my arm, barking furiously, while the old one rolled to and fro among the mandrakes, blindly seeking his vanished enemy. At this instant the door opened and the servant appeared, and behind her on the stairs, the authoress of *Jane Eyre*."

This "conglomerate" breed may partly serve to explain the haziness of Emily's drawing. Although it may be frankly admitted that Emily was no skilled artist, yet all her efforts are interesting. That she had much natural talent is indicated by the illustration of a bird, sketched by her in 1829, when she was only eleven years of age.

One other remnant of Emily is her sampler, which also belongs to the year 1829. That surely is pathetic by the light of her subsequent career. It came into my possession with other samplers worked by Charlotte and Anne, and by the two sisters Maria and Elizabeth; indeed, Maria and Elizabeth have left to us no other record of their brief lives. The one relic of Emily Brontë which we should most value—her portrait—is not forthcoming. Not less than half a dozen painted portraits which have been unearthed from time to time in Yorkshire have been assumed to be Emily. Not one of them will in the least bear examination. I have elsewhere described* the large canvas by Branwell Brontë, which stood on the top of the stairs in Haworth parsonage, and concerning which Mrs. Gaskell has some pleasant writing. This canvas was taken by Mr. Nicholls to Ireland, and was ultimately destroyed, he having considered that Emily's portrait alone was a true likeness. The portrait of Emily he gave to Martha Brown, the servant, who on two or three occasions visited her old master in his Irish home. Martha took it back to Haworth. It is well known that upon her death all Martha Brown's treasures were sold. It is strange that this portrait cannot be

* Reprinted in the *Manchester City News*, December 26th, 1896.

* "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle."

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traced. Altogether the quest seems hopeless, although the greatest of living poets has expressed his keen desire to see what Emily Brontë was really like; and that wish finds response in the heart of every one who has come under the magic sway of her brave soul.

And so perhaps we shall never know more concerning this weird, eccentric girl, who has enchained the hearts of so many of the best men and women who have followed her. We see her arm-in-arm with her slighter, smaller sister in the garden of the Pensionnat Heger. She was thin, pale-looking, but happy. She wore old-fashioned clothes, while Charlotte tried her utmost to keep modern and trim. That is the description of a fellow-pupil. Mr. Nicholls again can add but little more. He frequently took tea at the Haworth parsonage. Tea was served in Mr. Brontë's study, a little room on the right-hand side of the entrance-hall. Charlotte and Anne were always present, Emily but rarely. She preferred to have her tea alone in the dining-room, or parlour, as it was called. She avoided strangers rigorously, as we have said.

This, in brief, is all we know and shall probably ever know of one of the greatest women in our literature. It is because she was so great that I need scarcely apologise for threading together these scanty memorials of her strange, uneventful life.

AN INTERESTING FIND; OR, THACKERAY AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

"There is a man in our own days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears; who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society much as the son of Imlah came before the throned kings of Judah and Israel, and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is the satirist of *Vanity Fair* admired in high places? I cannot tell; but I think if some of those among whom he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation were to take his warnings in time, they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Ramoth-Gilead.

"Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterise his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humour, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture. Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humour attractive; but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning playing under the edge of the summer cloud does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb. Finally, I have alluded to Mr. Thackeray because to him, if he will accept the tribute of a total stranger, I have dedicated this second edition of *Jane Eyre*.

"CURRER BELL.

"December 21, 1847."

In these burning words Charlotte Brontë dedicated the second edition of *Jane Eyre*. From that day until now much interest has been manifested in the relations between these two giants of literature and their opinions of each other. Thanks to Mr. Shorter, to whom we are indebted for some new letters, we have fresh evidence of what Charlotte Brontë thought of Thackeray. To Mr. W. S. Williams (of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company) she writes in March, 1848:

"You mention Thackeray and the last number of *Vanity Fair*. The more I read Thackeray's works the more certain I am that he stands alone—alone in sagacity, alone in his truth, alone in his feelings (his feeling, though he makes no noise about it, is about the most genuine that ever lived on a printed page), alone in his power, alone in his simplicity, alone in his self-control. Thackeray is a Titan, so strong that he can afford to perform with calm the most herculean feats; there is the charm and majesty of repose in his greatest efforts: *he* borrows nothing from fever; his is never the energy of delirium; his energy is sane energy, deliberate energy, thoughtful energy. The last number of *Vanity Fair* proves this peculiarly. Forcible, exciting in its force, still more impressive than exciting, carrying on the interest of the narrative in a flow, deep, full, resistless, it is still quiet—as quiet as reflection, as quiet as memory; and to me there are parts of it that sound as solemn as an oracle. Thackeray is never borne away by his own ardour; he has it under control. His genius obeys him—it is his servant; it works no fantastic changes at its own wild will; it must still achieve the task which reason and sense assign it, and none

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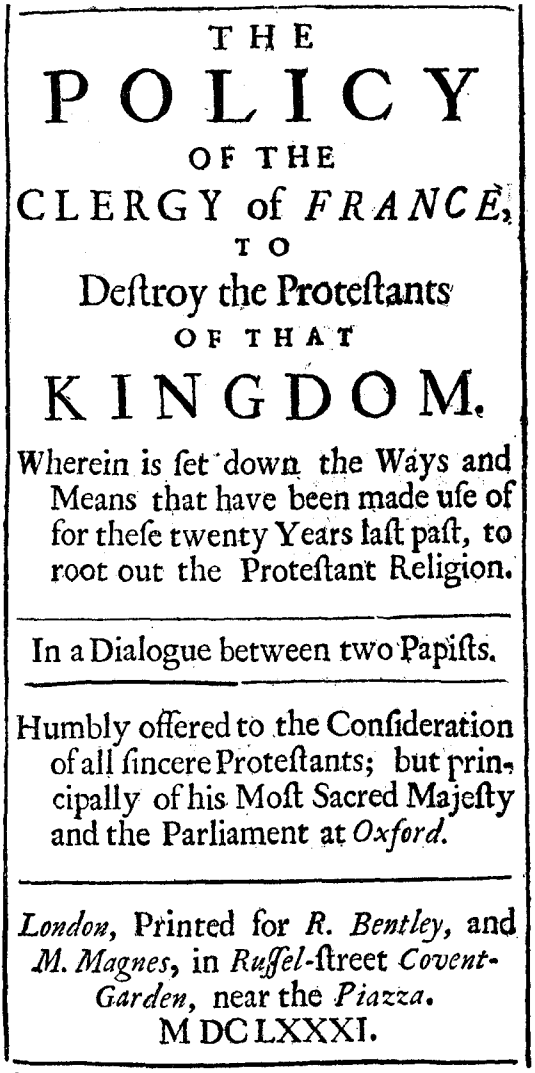
THE
POLICY
OF THE
CLERGY of *FRANCE*,
TO
Deſtroy the Proteſtants
OF THAT
KINGDOM.

Wherein is ſet down the Ways and Means that have been made uſe of for theſe twenty Years laſt paſt, to root out the Proteſtant Religion.

In a Dialogue between two Papiſts.

Humbly offered to the Conſideration of all ſincere Proteſtants; but principally of his Moſt Sacred Majeſty and the Parliament at *Oxford*.

London, Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Ruſſel*-ſtreet *Covent-Garden*, near the *Piazza*.
M DC LXXXI.

c

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF A BOOK IN WHICH CHARLOTTE BRONTË INSCRIBED A LETTER TO THACKERAY.

other. Thackeray is unique. I *can* say no more, I *will* say no less.

"B."

In view of these letters and the unusual intellectual sympathy between Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë, the story of the following "find" seems to me of more than usual interest and importance.

I believe it was Balzac who said the successful book-hunter should have "the patience of a Jew, the legs of a deer, and the purse of a Rothschild;" but, like many another smart saying, it is not so true as it sounds—particularly the last clause—for since the days of Richard de Bury there have been successful book-hunters as well as book-lovers who have had neither the purse of a Rothschild nor the legs of a deer. If I were to choose the most important of these three qualities mentioned by M. Balzac, I should choose the first, for patience is essential to the successful book-hunter; but I should add to the three one more—namely, instinct. Many a choice volume has been overlooked by the careless book-hunter, to be secured by the born one. A Chicago gentleman of my acquaintance bought in a New York bookshop within the year *Poems, 1830*, by Alfred Tennyson, for fifty cents which is surely worth as many dollars. It is told of the late George Brinley that he used to travel through various sections of the South in a buggy, stopping at farmhouses and out-of-the-way places, and, asking for a drink of water or milk, would say incidentally to his temporary host, "Have you any old books?" The usual answer would be, "No, no!—none of any value." Mr. Brinley would then quietly ask to look over them, and many a treasure he thus picked up. Perhaps next to instinct one might add knowledge, for without the latter little of importance can be secured. Of what avail is it to find a nugget of gold if one is colour-blind, or an autograph copy of some precious volume if one cannot tell an original from a facsimile?

The incident which I am about to relate occurred to a friend of mine who had had little experience in book-hunting, but who had an instinct strongly developed, and a knowledge ripened by years of study and interest in books and men.

One bright day last August she was in London, and espied a little book and print shop in one of the less frequented streets. Entering the shop, she asked the owner if she might look around. The request was reluctantly granted, as in London the general attitude of the old bookseller is that all people who enter their shops are thieves until they prove themselves not to be.

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Rummaging among the shelves, her eyes lighted upon a duodecimo volume in brown calf with no title on the back. Now, it is one of the unwritten laws of the successful book-hunter always to examine a volume which has no title, or which is marked "Pamphlets," "Tracts," or "Miscellanies."

The first thing that attracted her eyes was the stamped coat-of-arms on the side. My friend immediately wondered whose it was. Upon opening the volume, she saw it was a book on the *Policy of the Clergy of France to Destroy the Protestants of that Kingdom*, London, 1681 (see fac-simile).

Noticing that there was a fine handwriting inside the front cover, what was my friend's delight to find that it was a letter from Charlotte Brontë to Thackeray, and was as follows (see fac-simile):

HAWORTH, September 3.

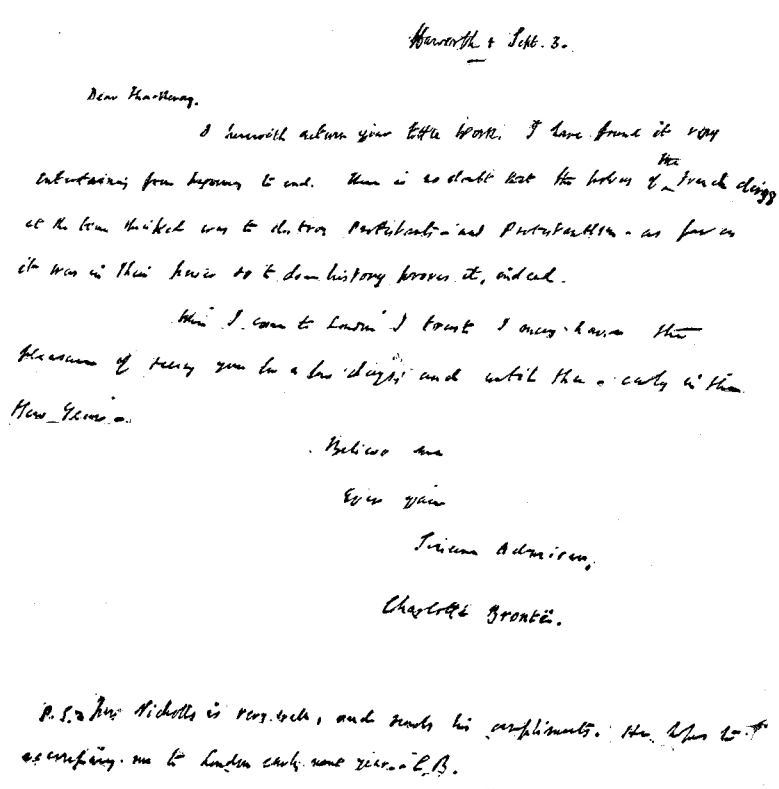
DEAR THACKERAY: I herewith return your little work. I have found it very entertaining from beginning to end. There is no doubt that the policy of the French clergy at the time specified was to destroy Protestants and Protestantism as far as it was in their power so to do—history proves it indeed.

When I come to London I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing you for a few days, and until then, early in the new year,

Believe me
Ever your
Sincere Admirer,
CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

P.S.—Mr. Nicholls is very well, and sends his compliments. He hopes to accompany me to London early next year.

C. B.



FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER INSCRIBED BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË TO THACKERAY IN A BOOK LOANED BY HIM TO HER, AND NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

This note was written in Miss Brontë's well-known fine hand. My friend's first thought was, "Oh, this is some fabulous price! A book loaned by Thackeray to Charlotte Brontë and returned to him enriched with her own comment—surely this is beyond the means of an idler?" Walking with some excitement up to the bookseller, she said, in rather a hoarse whisper, "What is the price of this?" The bookseller, looking at the mark, answered, "Oh, three shillings, mum." "But," said my conscientious friend, "did you

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know it contained Charlotte Brontë's handwriting in it?" "It's only a facsimile," said the bookseller. "At any rate, it's three shillings." Imagine the joy with which the three shillings were produced and the prize secured and carried away in triumph.

The book is a dialogue between two Papists, a Parisian, and a provincial. The latter, visiting Paris, as he says, "with the design of diverting myself, of seeing my friends, of learning what passes in the world, and of losing some of the rest of the province." It was written by Pierre Jurieu, a well-known French Protestant writer, and this is a translation of the first edition. Who made the translation I do not know; but the book is well known in France, as the author wrote several others, notably *Les Derniers Efforts de l'Innocence Affigee* and also *La Politique de France*.

Where did Thackeray find the quaint little volume, and why did he lend it to Charlotte Brontë?

Thackeray first met her in London, at the house of Mr. Smith, of the well-known firm of Smith, Elder and Company. This was on December 7th, 1849. *Pendennis* was still unfinished. We have just shown what she expected to find in Thackeray. *Vanity Fair* was issued in numbers during 1847–48.

A writer of the time suggested that Charlotte had been governess to Thackeray's children, and that she was Becky Sharp of *Vanity Fair* and he Rochester of *Jane Eyre*. We all know this was not so; but it seems strange that it should have been suggested by a critic of the time; and who can say there were not suggestions in both novels to lead to such a supposition?

It had, moreover, been rumoured that Miss Brontë was so sensitive about the charge of her having satirised Thackeray and obtruded on the sorrows of his private life that she came up to London on purpose to reveal her real name to her publisher and deny the charge. Was this the time of her first meeting with Thackeray?

Miss Brontë was married June 29th, 1853, so that some time between December, 1849, and June, 1853, this volume passed between her and Thackeray. Much might be written about their intellectual intercourse—but it never has been—and what Thackeray thought of her remains to this day a comparative secret. Does not the little volume with its "Dear Thackeray" throw some light upon it? and may we not hope that something else may be found to throw more light upon their relation? *Ernest Dressel North.*

TO A FLIRT.

'Twas just a glance when first we met—
Our insincerity began;
To play at loving, and forget,
Was then our plan.

We'd often played the game before—
The game To Love and then Forget—
Perhaps we thought, "'Tis one fool more
Within the net!"

And we were artists in our way,
We knew the moves and made the signs,
Without the hurry or delay
Of other times;

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Without the tears, with hearts unfired
By fierce delight and jealous pain.
We both loved love, but were too tired
To love again.

So by the shore, or at the play,
Or when the sun was in the west,
We knew the proper thing to say,
And stood the test.

To-night, upon the moonlit hill,
I held you softly on my arm,
And there you lay, demure and still,
Nor thought of harm ;

And there I smoothed your hair away,
And while you watched the stars above,
I kissed you, and forgot to play,
And spoke of love.

But you were wise enough for two,
And laughed that I should lose so soon ;
You found a kindly thing to do,
And blamed the Moon.

'Twas more than folly, less than sin,
And I've forgotten to forget :
I will not be what I have been,
Since first we met !

So when I come to you again,
I pray that you will be less wise,
And let me read an answer plain,
Within your eyes.

If I be more to you to-night
Than when, at first, I played a part,
I'll know the message, mirrored bright,
Of heart to heart.

Or if you will that I be less
Than I have been to you before,
You need not speak, for I can guess,
And come no more.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

VII.—Some Humourists.

Frontispiece from *The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing.* Boston, 1833.

There are few writings concerned with wit and humour which do not begin with elaborate definitions of these almost indefinable qualities. The present paper will increase the number of exceptions to this rule by one. If there be readers who cannot satisfy themselves with their own definitions, they need not look far to find the whole matter—even to the recognition of that third quality, a *sense of humour*—set forth in a score of different ways. The lecturer to a college class who quoted the definition of humour as "wit plus sympathy" provided at least one of his hearers, some years ago, with a practical working distinction for every-day use. But there are many others, often subtler, to be picked up in places where more potent appeals to the memory are made than in college class-rooms. Whether we consciously divide the things that amuse us into the witty and the humorous sallies of mankind, we are grateful for the provocations to mirth, and entertain toward the man who makes us merrier a feeling which separates him from the common throng.

The attempts to formulate the distinctions between American humour and that of other lands are almost as frequent as the definitions of humour itself. Again, it seems unnecessary here to repeat or add one to these attempts. We all know reasonably well how composite and yet how definite are the qualities which render most Americans recognisable wherever they may be found; and like them, to a degree equally exclusive of doubt, is the quality of humour which the world knows as American. Mr. T. W. Higginson has said "that the whole department of American humour was created, so to speak, by the amazed curiosity of Englishmen." It would be unfair to take this opinion entirely apart from its context, and adorn a tale of confusion between cause and effect by means of it. Yet whatever one may think of the origin and virtue of American humour, it would be foolish to forget that in the department of letters to which it belongs, our fellow-countrymen have done that which gives them their clearest title to a place of their own as writers.

Much of the best achievement in this direction has obviously been wrought by men whose fame is secured by other gifts than those of mere humour. It is necessary only to recall such names as Franklin, Irving, Lowell, Holmes, Warner, Curtis, Mitchell, and Bret Harte, and we remember how much besides being humourists some of our best humourists have been and are. It is noteworthy also that the names of women occupy a scanty place in the annals of our humourists. In other fields they may be counted now by hundreds, but excepting some short stories here and there, and the work of a few women like "Josiah Allen's Wife" and the

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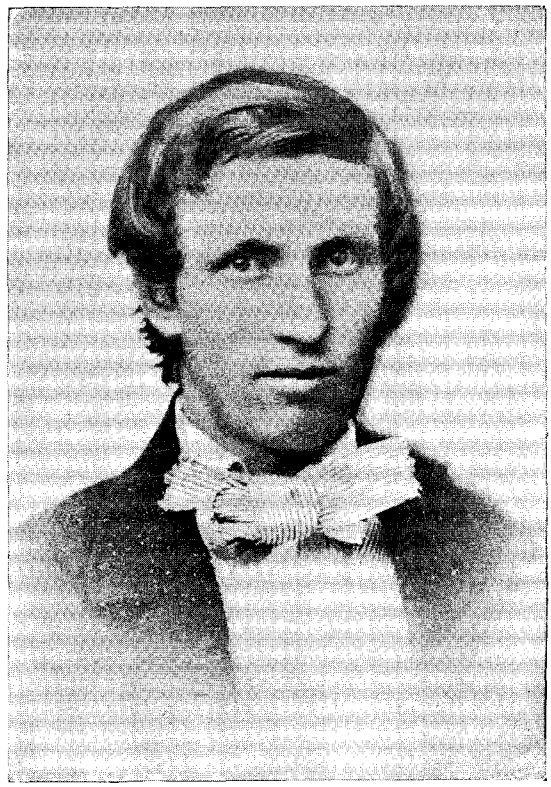
"Widow Bedott," our humorous writing has been done almost entirely by men. To be sure, there is an American volume, *The Wit of Women*, compiled by one of their sisters, who with a feminine argument of her own brings it to an end with these lines :

"If you pronounce this book not funny
And wish you hadn't spent your money,
There soon will be a general rumour
That you're no judge of Wit and Humour."

But even this *argumentum ad hominem* fails to convince. Mark Twain, happily still the living exponent of American humour in its essence, addressed the readers of his *Library of Humour*, published more than ten years ago, in a different fashion. Nothing could have been more characteristic than his "Compiler's Apology," printed in fac simile from his handwriting : "Those selections in this book which are from my own works were made by my two assistant compilers, not by me. This is why there are not more."



ARTEMUS WARD AT 20.

From the *Century Magazine*, by permission.

But living writers are not the present theme, nor those whose names derive a lustre from more serious work. Still less is it intended to attempt a discussion of the broad theme of American humour in its ethnic and philosophic bearing. Perhaps the reader will not unwillingly join in the preference to look at a few of the typical creators and creations of our native humour. Two facts he will recognise at once : First, that the newspapers have been an important medium of humorous expression —in part because our humourists have dealt frequently with public affairs, and in part because the newspapers have mirrored nearly everything, good and bad, that is representative of American life ; and, second, that an amusing, fictitious personality, something more than a mere name, has frequently been created as the mouthpiece of a humorous writer. When Lowell began writing his most effective political satires, he sent them to the editors of the Boston *Courier* and the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and a flesh-and-blood Hosea Biglow loomed large behind the utterances. Herein Lowell, with his own skill and power, was merely elaborating, in the forties, a device which in the thirties had made the name of Major Jack Downing a household word. In the same decade, but a few years after the appearance of Major Downing, the first lines in the typical Yankee figure of Sam Slick had been drawn by the Canadian pen of Judge Haliburton ; but the down-East Major was the first conspicuous figure in this field of New-World letters, and as the prototype of later creations deserves more than a passing glance.

One is confused at first by finding the origin of the collected Downing letters attributed to two persons, Seba Smith, a Maine journalist, and Charles Augustus Davis (1795-1867), a New York shipping merchant. The truth appears to be that Smith created the Downingville major, and Davis adopted him as his own offspring. In neither of the vol umes in which the letters of Major Jack Downing were first collected does the

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name of their real author appear, but the evidence from various sources goes to show that the Boston volume of 1833, made up of letters to the Portland *Courier*, was wholly the work of Smith, and the New York volume of 1834, made up of letters to the New York *Daily Advertiser*, wholly that of Davis. Before the first collection was printed, some of the New York letters had appeared, for an appendix to the Boston volume, declaring that "the *real* Major has never sent any letter to any other paper than the Portland *Courier*," proceeds to print "some of Major Jack Downing's letters, that he never wrote," and these are identical with letters addressed to the New York *Daily Advertiser*, and collected in the volume attributed to Davis. Any doubt that Seba Smith was the author of the first volume is removed by the book *My Thirty Years Out of the Senate* (New York, 1859), appearing over his own name, and republishing the letters contained in the Boston volume of 1833. It is not unnatural to resent in some measure the credit which Davis won for himself, abroad and among his friends, of whom Halleck was one, by the cleverness of his letters, and their superiority, according to some opinions, to those of Smith; for in spite of it all he was clearly a trespasser on another man's ground. If he had confined himself to newspapers he would have been merely one of many imitators. Even the father of Motley, the historian, as Dr. Holmes tells us, was "the author of one or more of the well-remembered 'Jack Downing' letters."

The ethics and bibliography of the letters, however, are less important than the Major and the letters themselves. In his volume of 1859 Seba Smith tells how they first came to be written. From other sources we learn that Smith was born in Bucksfield, Me., on September 14th, 1792, was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1818, and in 1820 was in Portland as the editor of the *Eastern Argus*. From 1830 until 1837 he conducted the Portland *Courier*, and it was in 1830, according to his own story, that he began writing for its columns the Downing letters. The Maine Legislature, evenly balanced in politics, afforded a good target for ridicule, and it seemed possible by the exercise of it to profit the young and struggling *Courier*. Accordingly Seba Smith

"bethought himself of the plan to bring a green, unsophisticated lad from the country into town with a load of axe-handles, hoop-poles, and other notions for sale, and while

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waiting the movement of a dull market, let him blunder into the halls of the legislature, and after witnessing for some days their strange doings, sit down and write an account of them to his friends at home in his own plain language."

From the beginning the letters were a success, not only with Maine readers, but in Boston and other places where the newspapers copied them freely. With their progress the Yankee correspondent advanced in importance. From his native town of Downingville, "three miles from the main road as you go back into the country, and . . . *jest about in the middle of down East*," he proceeded to Washington, where he soon became an intimate friend and confidential adviser of President Jackson. He represents himself even as "the Gineral's" bedfellow, and none of "Old Hickory's" actions is too important or too trivial for Major Downing to have a hand in it. The possibilities of giving the ways of the Administration a ridiculous aspect by this method need merely to be suggested. From Seba Smith's book it is worth while to transcribe some words about the memorable visit to Cambridge, when the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Jackson, for they represent with sufficient clearness the vein of humour that was characteristic both of the original Jack Downing, who is reported to have known himself only by the scar on his left arm, and of his principal rival.

ARTEMUS WARD AS A LECTURER. SKETCHED BY BIRCH.

From *Scribner's Monthly*, now the *Century Magazine*, by permission.

"Ye see when we were at Boston they sent word to us to come out to Cambridge, for they wanted to make the President a doctor of laws. What upon airth a doctor of laws was, or why they wanted to make the President one, I couldn't think. So when we come to go up to bed I asked the Gineral about it. And says I, 'Gineral, what is it they want to do to you out to Cambridge?' Says he, 'They want to make a doctor of laws of me.' 'Well,' says I, 'but what good will that do?' 'Why,' says he, 'you know, Major Downing, there's a pesky many of them are laws passed by Congress that are rickety things. Some of 'em have very poor constitutions, and some of 'em haven't no constitution at all. So that it is necessary to have somebody there to doctor 'em up a little, and not let 'em go out into the world, where they would stand a chance to catch cold and be sick, without they had good constitutions to bear it. You know,' says he, 'I've had to doctor the laws considerable ever since I've been at Washington, although I wasn't a regular bred doctor. And I made out so well about it, that these Cambridge folks think I better be made into a regular doctor at once, and then there'll be no grumbling and disputing about my practice.' Says he, 'Major, what do you think of it?' I told him I thought it an excellent plan; and asked him if he didn't think they would be willing, bein' I'd been round in

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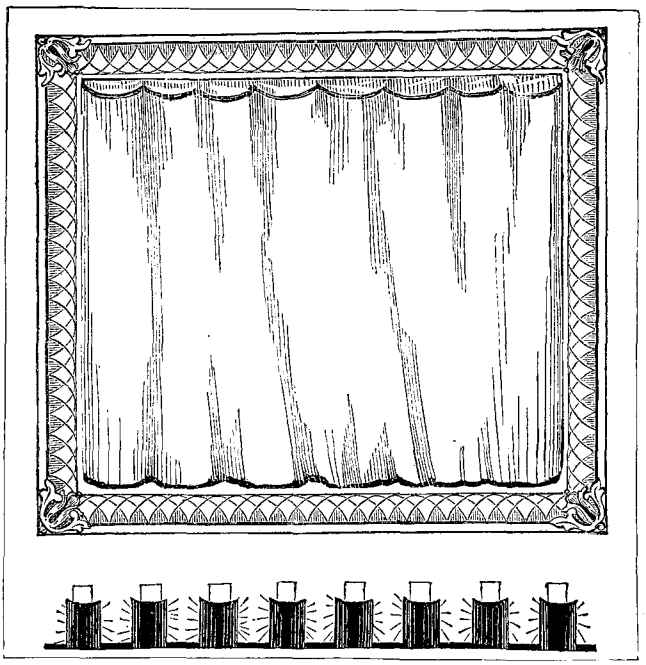
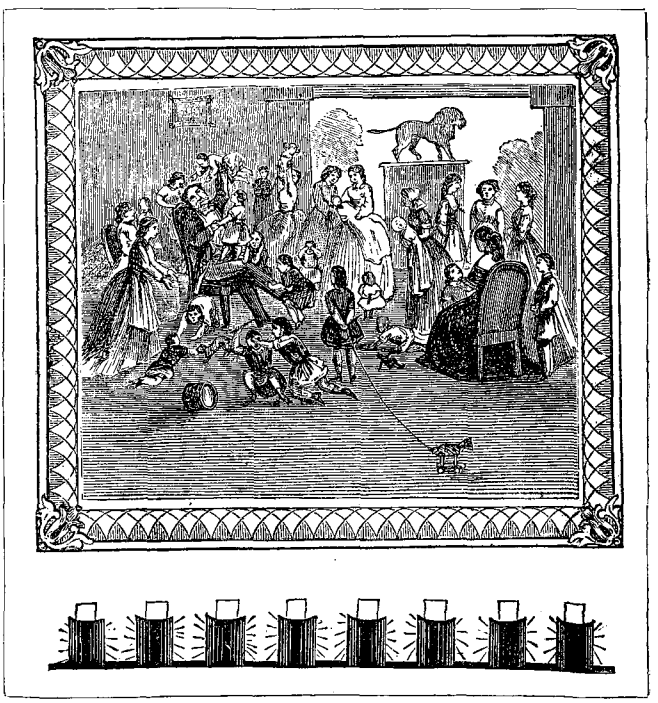


THE PROSCENIUM OF ARTEMUS WARD'S PANORAMA BEFORE THE CURTAIN WAS RAISED, AS EXHIBITED AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, LONDON.

the military business considerable for a year or two past, to make me a doctor of war. He said he didn't know, but he thought it would be no harm to try 'em."

There are passages, both in Smith's letters and in Davis's, more broadly humorous and more conspicuously Yankee; yet it is evident that to the first Jack Downing, as the principal pioneer in a territory that has since been widely cultivated, all credit is due. In 1837, Seba Smith sold the *Courier*, and moved soon afterward to New York, where for many years he went on with the exercise of his pen, not only in Downing letters, but in producing *Powhatan: a Metrical Historical Romance*, a treatise on geometry and other labours more strictly journalistic. Of his wife, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the author of *The Sinless Child*, a poem which, in spite of its length, called forth praise from Poe, Griswold records that "from her earliest years she has delighted in the study of philosophy, in abstruse speculations, and curious science." The Downing letters and a treatise on geometry—*The Sinless Child* and "abstruse speculations"—surely the mental range of Seba Smith and his wife was not confined within narrow bounds. He died in Patchogue, L. I., on July 29th, 1868.

According to a reported declaration of Artemus Ward, Major Jack Downing was his pattern. It is not difficult of belief, for in the use to which they put the Yankee vernacular, in their assumed familiarity with conspicuous persons, and in the "free-born-American-citizen" attitude of each writer there is much that suggests a family relationship. Artemus Ward—as the man whose real name was Charles



BRIGHAM YOUNG AT HOME. SCENE IN THE PANORAMA AS EXHIBITED AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, LONDON.

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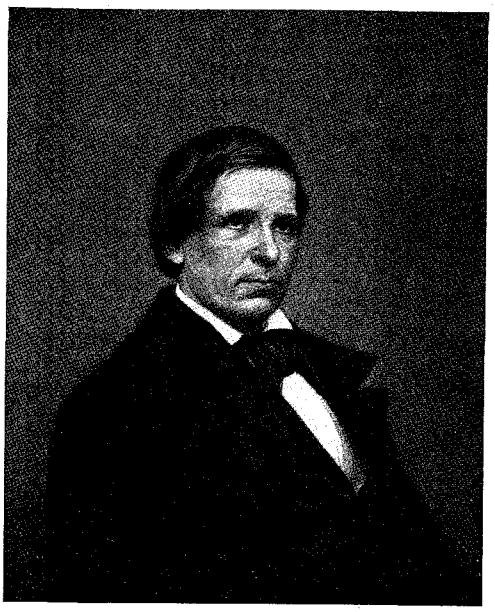
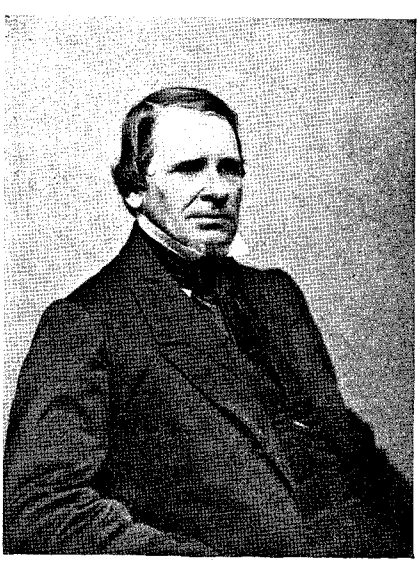


B. P. Shillaber

From a daguerreotype.

Farrar Browne is more familiarly called —may be regarded as a highly developed type of the humorous journalist and speaker. Certainly he has not been denied the homage of imitation, and certainly the writings he has left behind him are enough more than mere "comic copy" to give him a place of his own as a representative figure. Lowell told the truth about one of the humorous methods in which Artemus Ward excelled when he said: "There is no fun in bad spelling of itself, but only where the misspelling suggests something else that is droll *per se*." It is the merit of Artemus Ward's verbal vagaries—for example, when a friend sends him a copy of "Chawcer's poems," and he says "Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel"—that the droll personality of Charles Farrar Browne's creation is always realised more clearly by means of what may be called his mental dialect.

If Artemus Ward's descent as a humourist is to be traced from Major Jack Downing, it is thus that he accounts from the Browns, as the family name was written before he himself adopted the final *e*: "I should think we came from Jerusalem, for my father's name was Levi, and we had a Nathan and a Moses in the family. But my poor brother's name was Cyrus, so perhaps that makes us Persians." As a matter of fact, the Browns came to Maine from Massachusetts in 1783, and on April 26th, 1834, the humourist was born in the village of Waterford. He was one of four children, and, unlike many men who have made a mark in the world, could not have regarded his mother as the source of his later distinction. She is described as the fondest of parents, but a person entirely lacking in humour. It is related that when she first heard her son lecture in Boston, she was startled and irritated exceedingly by hearing him vouch for one of his statements by the use of a real name and a real formula which had frequently fallen from her own lips, and was introduced into the lecture entirely for her benefit: "I know it's true, for my Uncle Ransford Bates said so." The youthful antics ascribed to her son must have been equally trying to the good woman, and yet the devotion which he cherished for her through life helps one to realise what it must have meant to her to let the boy, only thirteen years old when his father died, go out into the world almost immediately to make his living in printing-offices. He was but fifteen when, after four experiments under country



B. P. SHILLABER ("MRS. PARTINGTON").

From an old *carte-de-visite*.

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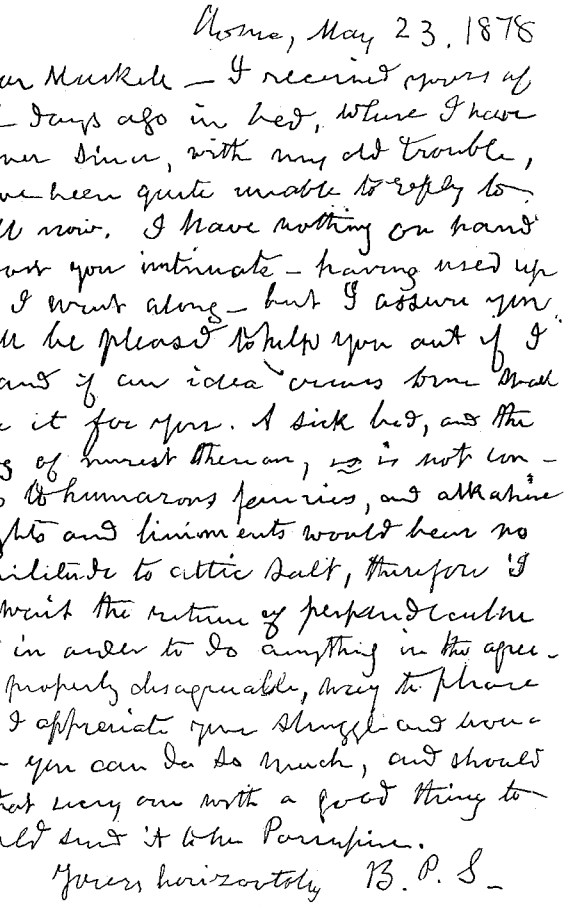
Home, May 23, 1878

My dear Muskell — I received yours of several days ago in bed, where I have been ever since, with my old trouble, and have been quite unable to reply to you till now. I have nothing on hand of the sort you intimate — having used up all as I went along — but I assure you I shall be pleased to help you out if I can, and if an idea occurs to me shall impale it for you. A sick bed, and the chafing of nurse thereon, is not conducive to humorous fancies, and alkaline draughts and liniments would bear no similitude to attic salt, therefore I must wait the return of perpendicular health in order to do anything in the agreeable, or properly disagreeable, way to phase you. I appreciate your struggle and wonder how you can do so much, and should think that every one with a good thing to say would send it to the Porcupine.

Yours horizontally B. P. S.

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN IN PENCIL BY B. P. SHILLABER.

editors in New Hampshire and Maine, he found himself in the Boston printing house from which B. P. Shillaber's (Mrs. Partington's) comic paper, *The Carpet Bag*, was issued. Setting up the type of Mrs. Partington's paragraphs and J. G. Saxe's witty verses, he ventured to write jokes himself, and had the felicity of seeing them printed.

A roving disposition carried him, soon after this humble beginning of a journalistic career, to Tiffin, Ohio. This was in 1856, and before 1860 he had won his spurs in Toledo and Cleveland, where the editor of the *Plaindealer*, hearing the fame of his wit, secured him as local editor at the salary of twelve, afterward advanced to fifteen dollars a week. At this post he remained three years. His Cleveland associates have since recalled him as a youth of surpassing awkwardness and rusticity at first, but developing by degrees a regard for his personal appearance which brought him later to an ill-advised fondness for diamonds and curled hair. But there is ample evidence in this period also of his more essential graces and virtues. Generous, companionable, and trusting, laughing over his work, serious withal, sometimes to the degree of mental suffering, given to ways eccentric and unconventional, he seems to have fallen in with the mode of journalistic life which needs but does not always receive the help of native qualities like Browne's to make it alluring. There are innumerable stories of his practical jokes, but one will suffice to indicate their audacity. One night with a fellow wag in journalism known as "the Fat Contributor," he went to the hotel where a dramatic reader, who was to give his first entertainment in the place the next day, was stopping. They called him from his bed, told him they were newspaper men, and would ruin his prospects unless he would come with them as he was to the hall near by, and show what he could do as a reader. The poor man protested, but their threats were too much for his courage, and shivering with cold, he went with them to the dreary, unheated hall, and, if the story be true, entertained them for several hours with his selections. "They had always thirsted to hear a dramatic reader in night dress," they told him; and if they did not commend his more decorous performance in public, their rather heartless idea of humour must have profited the unhappy reader but little.

It was in Cleveland that Browne began signing the name of Artemus Ward to his productions. The most credible theory of the source of this *nom de plume* is that the veritable *nom de guerre* of General Artemas Ward of the Revolu-

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tionary army appealed to the humourist, who adopted it with the change of a single letter. By degrees the new Artemus Ward became a definite character, a showman who could write of his equipment:

"My show at present consists of three moral bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—'twould make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal), wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Tayler, John Bunyan, Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c, ekalled by few & exceld by none."

It was in Cleveland, too, that Browne first conceived the idea of becoming a public lecturer. But that was not to be until after he went, in 1860, to live in New York, as editor of the promising comic journal, *Vanity Fair*, and one of the Bohemian set which frequented Pfaff's, and presented to Mr. Howells, picking up his first impressions of Eastern writers, an inexpensive contrast to the group of men he had just left in Boston.

On a desperately stormy night, near the end of 1861, Browne first faced a New York audience as a public speaker, and suffered a loss of thirty dollars. He had already tried his lecture, on "The Babes in the Wood," however, in Norwich, Conn., and other towns. It was a peculiarity of Ward's lectures that they had little or nothing to do with the subject announced. He would begin with a mention of it, then ask the audience to let him tell them a little story, which would wander on into irrelevant witticisms, occupying about an hour and a half, when he would take out his watch, appear to be overcome with shame and confusion, and bring his talk to a hurried, apologetic end. In Norwich the good people, who had laughed immoderately at his jokes, crowded around him when the lecture was finished to express sympathy for the nervousness through which, as they supposed, he had failed to say anything at all about the Babes in the Wood. It was a different story that he himself modestly told, at the breakfast table of James T. Fields, when he said of his first audiences: "I was prepared for a good deal of gloom, but I had no idea they would be *so much* depressed." "Artemus Ward will

Eternally yours
"Josh Billings"

From a photograph taken by George M. Baker in Boston, 1870.

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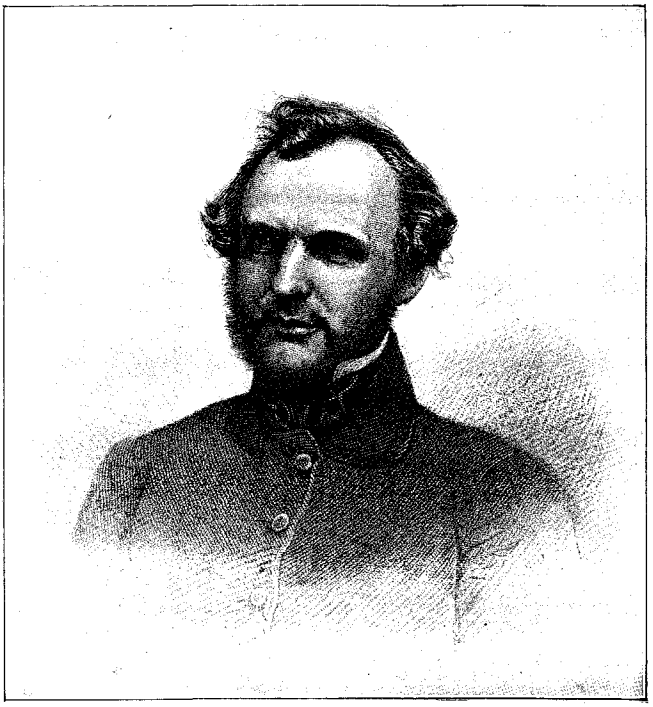
Yours cordially,
John G. Saxe

Speak a Piece" was the sum and substance of the advertising placard which announced his appearance in various places. Even the tickets were whimsical and characteristic. For one of his most popular lectures the card of admission read: "Artemus Ward Among the Mormons. Admit the Bearer and One Wife." The programmes were not without their individuality. In London they were enriched with the note, "Mr. ARTEMUS WARD will call on the citizens of London at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand." There may have been reason enough in such an offer if John Bright was reported with even an approach to truth in saying: "I must say I can't see what people find to enjoy in this lecture. The information is meagre and is presented in a desultory, disconnected manner. In fact, I can't help seriously questioning some of the statements."

Probably enough has been said to show that Artemus Ward stood entirely alone among the lecturers who galled one another's kibes on the lyceum platforms of his day. Of these sober discourses Ward said: "The men go because its poplar and the wimin folks to see what other wimin folks have on." To his lectures they went solely to be amused, and as their success became rapidly known, he soon found that he had done well to abandon journalism. East and West his "show" was in demand. A San Francisco manager telegraphed him, "What will you take for forty nights in California?" and his immediate response, "Brandy and water," so tickled the Western humour that when he came to Virginia City the miners took charge of the entertainment, would have no tickets sold, but invited everybody, and collected sixteen hundred dollars in gold for the lecturer by passing round hats, one of which broke with the weight of its contents. Brigham Young received him



JOHN G. SAXE.

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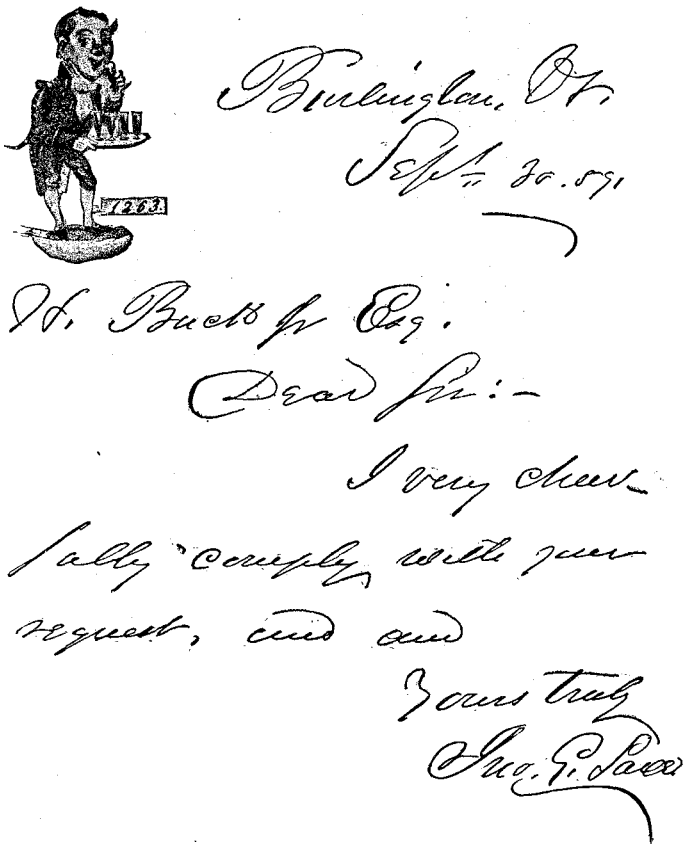
cordially in Salt Lake City, in spite of the jests he had made and was still to make about the sect of men whose "religion is singular, but their wives are plural." There was little of appreciation left for him to win from his own countrymen, at least of those who "liked that sort of thing," when in 1866 he determined to try the fortunes of his wit in London.

Mr. Higginson's phrase, "the amazed curiosity of Englishmen," well describes the state of mind which Artemus Ward excited in the mother country. There could not have been many John Brights in the audiences which thronged Egyptian Hall for the six weeks before his failing health made the seventh his last week of public appearance. The abashed manner of the lecturer, the personal peculiarities of which he himself made fun, the difficulties with his panorama, which in general was painted as badly as possible, because excellence was expensive, the difficulties with the moon and the prairie fires, which would shoot up and flare out at the wrong moments, to the apparent consternation of the lecturer—all these, to say nothing of the humour of his talks, are reported to have kept his hearers in a frenzy of laughter. Who can wonder that they were quite overcome by the gravity with which he would point to dark regions in his canvas and say: "These are intended for horses; I know they are, because the artist told me so. After two years he came to me one morning and said, 'Mr. Ward, I cannot conceal it from you any longer; they are horses.'" It was in the full tide of success, achieved simply by the exercise of natural gifts, that his career of unique popularity was cut short. His contributions to *Punch* had won him a place on the staff of the paper, and all things indicated the continuance of success. But the cough which had made nearly all his lecturing in London difficult soon stopped it entirely. His friends took him to the island of Jersey, in the hope that its milder air might restore him. Then they tried to bring him back to London, but he could not bear the journey beyond Southampton, where he died on the 6th of March, 1867, not quite thirty-three years old.



FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM JOHN G. SAXE REPLYING TO A REQUEST FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

It may be thought that an inordinate portion of this paper has been devoted to a person who stood related to literature as *bouffe* to grand opera. Yet he represented conspicuously a class of writers which it would be quite unfair to overlook in any general survey of American letters. Indeed, it would not be unprofitable to scrutinise the career and work of other men who stood less upon the dignity than the drollery of their productions; for if their appeal

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has not always been to the most fastidious, they have often meant more to "the great body of the plain people" than graver bookmen who escape the humourist's penalty of writing, as a rule, for one generation or decade. The mere names of these men, dead and living, would make a catalogue of no scanty length. "John Phœnix," "Orpheus C. Kerr" (Office Seeker), "Petroleum V. Nasby" would stand among the better known. B. P. Shillaber (1814–90), a Boston journalist—who took his cue from Sydney Smith's reference in a political speech to a certain Mrs. Partington's vain endeavour to mop up the Atlantic Ocean, and made a new Mrs. Malaprop of his talkative old heroine—would claim especial attention. So, too, would Henry W. Shaw (1818–85), who, after encountering every experience as a Western pioneer, began writing at forty-five, and over the name of "Josh Billings" put forth many witty, homely maxims, of which, perhaps, none is more memorable than that "it is better to kno less than to kno so mutch that aint so."

Somewhat apart from these newspaper celebrities stands one of whom Mr. Stedman has written: "For the most part he was a popular specimen of the college-society, lecture-room, dinner-table rhymster that may be set down as a peculiarly American type and of a generation now almost passed away." John Godfrey Saxe dealt less in humour than in clear-cut wit. The mastery of words in rhymes that Richard H. Barham or Tom Hood might at times have been glad to own gave him his distinction. Like many of those who have incited our countrymen most successfully to mirth, he was of New England origin and training. Born in Highgate, Vt., on June 2d, 1816, he spent his boyhood on a farm, was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, and began the practise of law. Until he was twenty-five he wrote little or nothing, and then his ballad of "The Briefless Barrister" appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine:*

"Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief."

Yet with a mingling of law, journalism, and politics he went on with his Vermont life in St. Albans and Burlington, until twice defeated as a candidate for governor in his native State, he moved to New York.

"Now I am a man, you must learn,
Less famous for beauty than strength,
And for aught I could ever discern,
Of rather superfluous length.
In truth, 'tis but seldom one meets
Such a Titan in human abodes,
And when I walk over the streets,
I'm a perfect Colossus of roads."

Thus he described his personal appearance, which was in reality most attractive, and, with his skill in speaking, won him great popularity as a lecturer and reader of his own verses. In 1872 he became associated with the Albany *Evening Journal*, and in Albany he died on March 31st, 1887. The last portion of his life affords another story of the sorrow that seems especially to beset the sons of laughter. In 1874 he narrowly escaped death in a railroad accident in Virginia. This shock was soon followed by the death, in rapid succession, of his wife, three daughters and a son; and the result of his overwhelming distress was that he became the victim of attacks of melancholy which caused his complete retirement from the world. It was indeed a tragic ending for the life of the light-hearted singer of "The Proud Miss MacBride," "The New Rape of the Lock," "Riding on the Rail," and scores of other skilful rhymes and *vers de société*, which were the delight of his generation.

Of men about whom so much might be said it is a hardship to say so little. The limitations of space preclude also and entirely the consideration of that vast anonymous expression of American humour which confronts us every day and every week in the periodical press. The composite person who produces it has no dates of birth and death to record, no incidents of struggle and success to relate; yet as unmistakably as Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and the many others, living and dead, who have been mentioned or more closely regarded, he is a product of our curious civilisation, and, so far as one can see, will continue to help us in realising, still without definitions, the distinctive qualities of our national humour.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

The subject of the next paper in this series, to appear in the October BOOKMAN, *will be "Emerson and his Concord Companions."*

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCEPCION TAKES THE ROAD.

"Who knows? The man is proven by the hour."

After the great storm came a calm almost as startling. It seemed, indeed, as if Nature stood abashed and silent before the results of her sudden rage. Day after day the sun glared down from a cloudless sky, and all Castile was burnt brown as a desert. In the streets of Madrid there arose a hot dust, and that subtle odour of warm earth that rarely meets the nostrils in England. It savoured of India and other sun-steeped lands, where water is too precious to throw upon the roads.

Those who could remained indoors or in their shady *patios* until the heat of the day was past, and such as worked in the open lay unchallenged in the shade from midday till three o'clock. During those days military operations were almost suspended, although the heads of departments were busy enough in their offices. The confusion of war, it seemed, was past, and the sore-needed peace was immediately turned to good account. The army of the Queen Regent was, indeed, in an almost wrecked condition, and among the field officers jealousy and backbiting, which had smouldered through the war-time, broke out openly. General Vincente was rarely at home, and Estella passed this time in quiet seclusion. Coming as she did from Andalusia, she was accustomed to an even greater heat, and knew how to avoid the discomfort of it.

She was sitting one afternoon with open windows and closed jalousies, during the time of the siesta, when the servant announced Father Concha.

The old priest came into the room wiping his brow with simple ill-manners.

"You have been hurrying, and have no regard for the sun," said Estella.

"You need not find shelter for an old ox," replied Concha, seating himself. "It is the young ones that expose themselves unnecessarily."

Estella glanced at him sharply, but said nothing. He sat, handkerchief in hand, and stared at a shaft of sunlight that lay across the floor from a gap in the jalousies. From the street under the windows came the distant sounds of traffic and the cries of the vendors of water, fruit, and newspapers.

Father Concha looked puzzled, and seemed to be seeking his way out of a difficulty. Estella sat back in her chair, half hidden by her slow-waving black fan. There is no pride so difficult as that which is unconscious of its own existence, no heart so hard to touch as that which throws its stake and asks neither sympathy nor admiration from the outside world. Concha glanced at Estella, and wondered if he had been mistaken. There was in the old man's heart, as, indeed, there is in nearly all human hearts, a thwarted instinct. How many are there with paternal instincts who have no children, how many a poet has been lost by the crying needs of hungry mouths. It was a thwarted instinct that made the old priest busy himself with the affairs of other people, and always of young people.

"I came hoping to see your father," he said at length, blandly untruthful. "I have just seen Conyngham, in whom we are all interested, I think. His lack of caution is singular. I have been trying to persuade him not to do something most rash and imprudent. You remember the incident in your garden at Ronda—a letter which he gave to Julia?"

"Yes," answered Estella quietly; "I remember."

"For some reason, which he did not explain, I understand that he is desirous of regaining possession of that letter, and now Julia, writing from Toledo, tells him that she will give it to him if he will go there and fetch it. The Toledo road, as you will remember, is hardly to be recommended to Mr. Conyngham."

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"But Julia wishes him no harm," said Estella.

"My child, rarely trust a political man and never a political woman. If Julia wished him to have the letter, she could have sent it to him by post. But Conyngham, who is all eagerness, must needs refuse to listen to my argument, and starts this afternoon for Toledo—alone. He has not even his servant, Concepcion Vara, who has suddenly disappeared, and a woman, who claims to be the scoundrel's wife, from Algeciras, has been making inquiries at Conyngham's lodging. A hen's eyes are where her eggs lie. I offered to go to Toledo with Conyngham, but he laughed at me for a useless old priest, and said that the saddle would gall me."

He paused, looking at her beneath his shaggy brows, knowing, as he had always known, that this was a woman beyond his reach—cleverer, braver, of a higher mind than her sisters—one to whom he might perchance tender some small assistance, but nothing better; for women are wiser in their generation than men, and usually know better what is for their own happiness. Estella returned his glance with steady eyes.

"He has gone," said Concha. "I have not been sent to tell you that he is going."

"I did not think that you had," she answered.

"Conyngham has enemies in this country," continued the priest, "and despises them, a mistake to which his countrymen are singularly liable. He has gone off on this foolish quest without preparation or precaution. Toledo is, as you know, a hotbed of intrigue and dissatisfaction. All the malcontents in Spain congregate there, and Conyngham would do well to avoid their company. Who lies down with dogs gets up with fleas."

He paused, tapping his snuff-box, and at that moment the door opened to admit General Vincente.

"Oh, the padre!" cried that cheerful soldier. "But what a sun—eh? It is cool here, however, and Estella's room is always a quiet one."

He touched her cheek affectionately, and drew forward a low chair, wherein he sat, carefully disposing of the sword that always seemed too large for him.

"And what news has the padre?" he asked, daintily touching his brow with his folded pocket-handkerchief.

"Bad!" growled Concha, and then told his tale over again in a briefer, blunter manner. "It all arises," he concluded, "from my pestilential habit of interfering in the affairs of other people."

"No," said General Vincente; "it arises from Conyngham's pestilential habit of acquiring friends wherever he goes."

The door was opened again and a servant entered.

"Excellency," he said, "a man called Concepcion Vara, who desires a moment."

"What did I tell you?" said the general to Concha. "Another of Conyngham's friends. Spain is full of them. Let Concepcion Vara come to this room."

The servant looked slightly surprised and retired. If, however, this manner of reception was unusual, Concepcion was too finished a man of the world to betray either surprise or embarrassment. By good fortune he happened to be wearing a coat. His flowing, unstarched shirt was, as usual, spotless; he wore a flower in the ribbon of the hat carried jauntily in his hand, and about his person, in the form of handkerchief and *faja*, were those touches of bright colour, by means of which he so irresistibly attracted the eye of the fair.

"Excellency!" he murmured, bowing on the threshold. "Reverendo!" with one step forward and a respectful semi-religious inclination of the head toward Concha. "Señorita!" The ceremony here concluded with a profound obeisance to Estella, full of gallantry and grave admiration. Then he stood upright, and indicated by a pleasant smile that no one need feel embarrassed—that, in fact, this meeting was most opportune.

"A matter of urgency, excellency," he said confidentially to Vincente. "I have reason to suspect that one of my friends—in fact, the Señor Conyngham, with whom I am at the moment in service, happens to be in danger."

"Ah! What makes you suspect that, my friend?"

Concepcion waved his hand airily, as if indicating that the news had been brought to him by the birds of the air.

"When one goes into the café," he

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said, "one is not always so particular, one associates with those who happen to be there—muleteers, diligencia-drivers, bull-fighters, all and sundry, even *contrabandistas*."

He made this last admission with a face full of pious toleration, and Father Concha laughed grimly.

"That is true, my friend," said the general, hastening to cover the priest's little lapse of good manners. "And from these gentlemen, honest enough in their way, no doubt, you have learnt—"

"That the Señor Conyngham has enemies in Spain."

"So I understand; but he has also friends."

"He has one," said Vara, taking up a fine picturesque attitude, with his left hand at his waist, where the deadly knife was concealed in the rolls of his *faja*.

"Then he is fortunate," said the general, with his most winning smile. "Why do you come to me, my friend?"

"I require two men," answered Concepcion airily. "That is all."

"Ah! What sort of men—*guardia civile?*"

"The holy saints forbid! Honest soldiers, if it please your excellency. The *guardia civile*, see you, excellency"—

He paused, shaking his outspread hand from side to side, palm downward, fingers apart, as if describing a low level of humanity.

"A brutal set of men," he continued, "with the finger ever on the trigger and the rifle ever loaded. Pam! and a life is taken—many of my friends—at least, many persons I have met . . . in the café."

"It is better to give him his two men," put in Father Concha, in his atrocious English, speaking to the general. "The man is honest in his love of Conyngham if in nothing else."

"And if I accord you these two men, my friend," said the general, from whose face Estella's eyes had never moved, "will you undertake that Mr. Conyngham comes to no harm?"

"I will arrange it," replied Concepcion, with an easy shrug of the shoulders—"I will arrange it, never fear."

"You shall have two men," said General Vincente, drawing a writing case toward himself and proceeding to write the necessary order—"men who are known to me personally. You can rely upon them at all times"—

"Since they are friends of his excellency's," interrupted Concepcion, with much condescension, "that suffices."

"He will require money," said Estella in English, her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed; for she came of a fighting race, and her repose of manner, the dignity which sat rather strangely on her slim young shoulders, were only signs of that self-control which had been handed down to her through the ages.

The general nodded as he wrote.

"Take that to headquarters," he said, handing the papers to Concepcion, "and in less than half an hour your men will be ready. Mr. Conyngham is a friend of mine, as you know, and any expenses incurred on his behalf will be defrayed by myself."

Concepcion held up his hand.

"It is unnecessary, excellency," he said. "At present Mr. Conyngham has funds. Only yesterday he gave me money. He liquidated my little account. It has always been a jest between us, that little account."

He laughed pleasantly and moved toward the door.

"Vara," said Father Concha.

"Yes, reverendo."

"If I meet your wife in Madrid, what shall I say to her?"

Concepcion turned and looked into the smiling face of the old priest.

"In Madrid, reverendo? How can you think of such a thing? My wife lives in Algeciras, and at times, see you . . ." he stopped, casting his eyes up to the ceiling and fetching an exaggerated sigh—"at times my heart aches. But now I must get to the saddle. What a thing is duty, reverendo—duty! God be with your excellencies."

And he hurried out of the room.

"If you would make a thief honest trust him," said Concha when the door was closed.

In less than an hour Concepcion was on the road, accompanied by two troopers, who were ready enough to travel in company with a man of his reputation, for in Spain, if one cannot be a bull-fighter, it is good to be a smuggler. At sunset the great heat culminated in a thunderstorm, which drew a veil of heavy cloud across the sky, and night fell before its time.

The horsemen had covered two thirds

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of their journey, when he whom they followed came in sight of the lights of Toledo, set upon a rock, like the jewels in a lady's cluster ring, and almost surrounded by the swift Tagus. Conyngham's horse was tired, and stumbled more than once on the hill by which the traveller descends to the great bridge and the gate that Wamba built thirteen hundred years ago.

Through this gate he passed into the city, which was a city of the dead, with its hundred ruined churches, its empty palaces, and silent streets. Ichabod is written large over all these tokens of a bygone glory—where the Jews, flying from Jerusalem, first set foot; where the Moor reigned unmolested for nearly four hundred years; where the Goth and the Roman and the great Spaniard of the middle ages have trod on each other's heels. Truly, these worn stones have seen the greatness of the greatest nations of the world.

A single lamp hung slowly swinging in the arch of Wamba's Gate, and the streets were but ill-lighted with an oil lantern at an occasional corner. Conygnham had been in Toledo before, and knew his way to the inn under the shadow of the great Alcazar, now burnt and ruined. Here he left his horse, for the streets of Toledo are so narrow and tortuous, so ill-paven and steep, that wheel traffic is almost unknown, while a horse can with difficulty keep his feet on the rounded cobble-stones. In this city men go about their business on foot, which makes the streets as silent as the deserted houses.

Julia had selected a spot which was easy enough to find, and Conyngham, having supped, made his way thither without asking for directions.

"It is, at all events, worth trying," he said to himself; "and she can scarcely have forgotten that I saved her life on the Garonne, as well as at Ronda."

But there is often in a woman's life one man who can make her forget all. The streets were deserted, for it was a cold night, and the cafés were carefully closed against the damp air. No one stirred in the Calle Pedro Martir, and Conyngham peered into the shadow of the high wall of the Church of San Tome in vain. Then he heard the soft tread of muffled feet, and turning on his heel charged to meet the charge of his two assailants. Two of them went down like felled trees, but there were others—four others—who fell on him silently, like hounds upon a fox, and in a few moments all was quiet again in the Calle Pedro Martir.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE TALAVERA ROAD.

"Les barrières servant à indiquer où il faut passer."

An hour's ride to the west of Toledo, on the road to Torrijos and Talavera, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages of Galvez, two men sat in the shadow of a great rock and played cards. They played quietly and without vociferation, illustrating the advantages of a minute coinage. They had gambled with varying fortune since the hour of the siesta, and a sprinkling of cigarette ends on the bare rocks around them testified to the indulgence of a kindred vice.

The elder of the two men glanced from time to time over his shoulder, and down toward the dusty high road, which lay across the arid plain beneath them like a tape. The country here is barren and stone-ridden, but to the west, where Torrijos gleamed on the plain, the earth was green with the bush corn and heavy blades of the maize now springing into ear. Where these two soldiers sat the herbage was scant and of an aromatic scent, as it mostly is in hot countries and in rocky places. That these men belonged to a mounted branch of the service was evident from their equipment, and notably from the great rusty spurs at their heels. They were clad in cotton—dusty white breeches, dusty blue tunics—a sort of undress tempered by the vicissitudes of a long war and the laxity of discipline engendered by political trouble at home.

They had left their horses in the stable of a *venta*, hidden among ilex-trees by the roadside, and had clambered to this point of vantage above the highway to pass the afternoon after the manner of their race, for the Spaniard will be found playing cards amid the wreck of the world and in the intervals between the stupendous events of the last day.

"He comes," said the older man at length, as he leisurely shuffled the greasy cards; "I hear his horse's feet."

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And, indeed, the great silence which seems to brood over the uplands of Spain—the silence, as it were, of an historic past and a dead present—was broken by the distant regular beat of hoofs.

The trooper who had spoken was a bullet-headed Castilian, with square jaws and close-set eyes. His companion, a younger man, merely nodded his head, and studied the cards which had just been dealt to him. The game progressed, and Concepcion Vara, on the Toledo road, approached at a steady trot. This man showed to greater advantage on horseback and beneath God's open sky than in the streets of a city. Here, on the open and among the mountains, he held his head erect and faced the world, ready to hold his own against it. In the streets he wore a furtive air, and glanced from left to right, fearing recognition.

He now took his tired horse to the stable of the little *venta*, where, with his usual gallantry, he assisted a hideous old hag to find a place in the stalls. While uttering a gay compliment he deftly secured for his mount a feed of corn which was much in excess of that usually provided for the money.

"Ah!" he said, as he tipped the measure, "I can always tell when a woman has been pretty; but with you, señora, no such knowledge is required. You will have your beauty for many years yet."

Thus Vara and his horse fared ever well upon the road. He lingered at the stable-door, knowing that corn poured into the manger may yet find its way back to the bin, and then turned his steps toward the mountain.

The cards were still falling with a whispering sound upon the rock selected as a table, and with the spirit of a true sportsman Concepcion waited until the hand was played out before imparting his news.

"It is well," he said at length. "A carriage has been ordered from a friend of mine in Toledo to take the road to-night to Talavera, and Talavera is on the way to Lisbon. What did I tell you?"

The two soldiers nodded. One was counting his gains, which amounted to almost threepence. The loser wore a brave air of indifference, as behooved a reckless soldier, taking loss or gain in a Spartan spirit.

"There will be six men," continued Concepcion—"two on horseback, two on the box, two inside the carriage with their prisoner, my friend."

"Ah!" said the younger soldier thoughtfully.

Concepcion looked at him.

"What have you in your mind?" he asked.

"I was wondering how three men could best kill six."

"Out of six," said the older man, "there is always one who runs away. I have found it so in my experience."

"And of five there is always one who cannot use his knife," added Concepcion.

Still the younger soldier, who had medals all across his chest, shook his head.

"I am afraid," he said—"I am always afraid before I fight."

Concepcion looked at the man whom General Vincente had selected from a brigade of tried soldiers, and gave a little upward jerk of the head.

"With me," he said, "it is afterward, when all is over. Then my hand shakes and the wet trickles down my face."

He laughed and spread out his hands.

"And yet," he said gaily, "it is the best game of all; is it not so?"

The troopers shrugged their shoulders. One may have too much of even the best game.

"The carriage is ordered for eight o'clock," continued the practical Concepcion, rolling a cigarette, which he placed behind his ear, where a clerk would carry his pen. "Those who take the road when the night birds come abroad have something to hide. We will see what they have in their carriage—eh? The horses are tired for the journey to Galvez, where a relay is doubtless ordered. It will be a fine night for a journey. There is a half moon, which is better than the full for those who use the knife; but the Galvez horses will not be required, I think."

The younger soldier, upon whose shoulder gleamed the stars of a rapid promotion, looked up to the sky, where a few fleecy clouds were beginning to gather above the setting sun, like sheep about a gate.

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"A half moon for the knife and a full moon for firearms," he said.

"Yes; and they will shoot quick enough if we give them the chance," said Concepcion. "They are Carlists! There is a river between this and Galvez, a little stream, such as we have in Andalusia, so small that there is only a ford and no bridge. The bed of the river is soft. The horses will stop, or, at all events, must go at the walking pace. Across the stream are a few trees . . ." he paused, illustrating his description with rapid gestures and an imaginary diagram drawn upon the rock with the forefinger . . . "ilex, and here, to the left, some pines. The stream runs thus from northeast to southwest. This bank is high, and over here are low-lying meadows, where pigs feed."

He looked up, and the two soldiers nodded. The position lay before them like a bird's-eye view, and Concepcion, in whom Spain had perhaps lost a guerilla general, had only set eyes on the spot once as he rode past it.

"This matter is best settled on foot; is it not so? We cross the stream and tie our horses to the pine-trees. I will recross the water, and come back to meet the carriage at the top of the hill—here. The horsemen will be in advance. We will allow them to cross the stream. The horses will come out of the water slowly, or I know nothing of horses. As they step up the incline you take them, and remember to give them the chance of running away. In midstream I will attack the two on the box, pulling him who is not driving into the water by his legs, and giving him the blade in the right shoulder above the lung. He will think himself dead, but should recover. Then you must join me. We shall be three to three, unless the Englishman's hands are loose, then we shall be four to three, and need do no man any injury. The Englishman is as strong as two, and quick with it as big men rarely are."

"Do you take a hand?" asked the Castilian, fingering the cards.

"No; I have affairs. Continue your game."

So the sun went down, and the two soldiers continued their game, while Concepcion sat beside them and slowly, lovingly sharpened his knife on a piece of slate, which he carried in his pocket for the purpose.

After sunset there usually arises a cold breeze, which blows across the tablelands of Castile quite gently and unobtrusively. A local proverb says of this wind that it will extinguish a man, but not a candle. When this arose the three men descended the mountain-side, and sat down to a simple, if highly flavoured meal, provided by the ancient mistress of the *venta*. At half-past eight, when there remained nothing of the day but a faint, greenish light in the western sky, the little party mounted their horses and rode away toward Galvez.

"It's better," said Concepcion, with a meaning and gallant bow to the hostess—"it's for my peace of mind. I am but a man."

Then he haggled over the price of the supper.

They rode forward to the ford described by Concepcion, and there made their preparations carefully and coolly, as men recognising the odds against them. The half moon was just rising as the soldiers plashed through the water, leading Concepcion's horse, he remaining on the Toledo side of the river.

"The saints protect us!" said the nervous soldier, and his hand shook on the bridle. His companion smiled at the recollection of former fights passed through together. It is well, in love and war, to beware of him who is afraid.

Shortly after nine o'clock the silence of that deserted plain was broken by a distant murmur, which presently shaped itself into the beat of horses' feet. To this was added soon the rumble of wheels. The elder soldier put a whole cigarette into his mouth and chewed it; the younger man made no movement now. They crouched low at their posts, one on each side of the ford. Concepcion was across the river, but they could not see him. In Andalusia they say that a contrabandist can conceal himself behind half a brick.

The two riders were well in front of the carriage, and, as had been foreseen, the horses lingered on the rise of the bank, as if reluctant to leave the water without having tasted it. In a moment the younger soldier had his man out of the saddle, raising his own knee sharply as the man fell, so that the falling head and the lifted knee came into deadly contact. It was a trick well known to the trooper, who let the insensible form

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roll to the ground, and immediately darted down the bank to the stream. The other soldier was chasing his opponent up the hill, shelling him as he rode away with oaths and stones prepared for the mending of the road.

In mid-stream the clumsy travelling carriage had come to a standstill. The driver on the box, having cast down his reins, was engaged in imploring the assistance of a black-letter saint, upon which assistance he did not hesitate to put a price in candles. There was a scurrying in the water, which was about two feet deep, where Concepcion was settling accounts with the man who had been seated by the driver's side. A half-choked scream of pain appeared to indicate that Concepcion had found the spot he sought, above the right lung, and that amiable smuggler now rose dripping from the flood and hurried to the carriage.

"Conyngham!" he shouted, laying aside that ceremony upon which he never set great store.

"Yes," answered a voice from within. "Is that you, Concepcion?"

"Of course; throw them out."

"But the door is locked," answered Conyngham in a muffled voice, and the carriage began to rock and crack upon its springs as if an earthquake were taking place inside it.

"The window is good enough for such rubbish," said Concepcion. As he spoke a man, violently propelled from within, came head foremost, and most blasphemously vociferous into Concepcion's arms, who immediately and with the rapidity of a terrier had him by the throat and forced him under water.

"You have hold of my leg—you on the other side!" shouted Conyngham from the turmoil within.

"A thousand pardons, señor!" said the soldier, and took a new grip of another limb.

Concepcion, holding his man under water, heard the sharp crack of another head upon the soldier's knee-cap, and knew that all was well.

"That is all?" he inquired.

"That is all," replied the soldier, who did not seem at all nervous now; "and we have killed no one."

"Put a knife into that son of a mule who prays upon the box there," said Concepcion judicially. "This is no time for prayer—just where the neck joins the shoulder—that is a good place."

And a sudden silence reigned upon the box.

"Pull the carriage to the bank!" commanded Concepcion. "There is no need for the English excellency to wet his feet; he might catch a cold."

They all made their way to the bank, where, in the dim moonlight, one man sat nursing his shoulder, while another lay, at length, quite still, upon the pebbles. The young soldier laid a second victim to the same deadly trick beside him, while Concepcion patted his foe kindly on the back.

"It is well," he said, "you have swallowed water. You will be sick, and then you will be well. But if you move from that spot I will let the water out another way."

And laughing pleasantly at this delicate display of humour, he turned to help Conyngham, who was clambering out of the carriage window.

"My hands are tied," said the Englishman. "Where is your knife?"

The operation took some little time, though Concepcion's hand was steady enough, for the straps were thick and the light of the moon but feeble.

"Whom have you with you?" asked Conyngham.

"Two honest soldiers of General Vincente's division. You see, señor, you have good friends."

"Yes, I see that."

"One of them," said Concepcion meaningly, "is at Toledo at the moment journeying after you."

"Ah!"

"The Señor Pleydell."

"Then we will go back to meet him."

"I thought so," said Concepcion.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CROSS-EXAMINATION.

"Wherein I am false I am honest, not true to be true."

"I will sing you a *contrabandista* song," said Concepcion, as the party rode toward Toledo in the moonlight. "The song we—they sing when the venture has been successful. You may hear it any dark night in the streets of Gaucin."

"Sing," said the older soldier, "if it is in your lungs; for us, we prefer to travel silent."

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Conyngham, mounted on the horse from which the Carlist rider had been dragged unceremonously enough, rode a few paces in front. The carriage had been left behind at the *venta*, where no questions were asked and the injured men received readily enough.

"It is well," answered Concepcion, in no way abashed. "I will sing. In Andalusia we can all sing. The pigs sing better there than the men of Castile."

It was after midnight when the party rode past the church of the Cristo de la Vega, and faced the long hill that leads to the gate Del Cambron. Above them towered the city of Toledo, silent and dream-like. Concepcion had ceased singing now, and the hard breathing of the horses alone broke the silence. The Tagus, emerging here from rocky fastness, flowed noiselessly away to the west, a gleaming ribbon laid across the breast of the night. In the summer it is no uncommon thing for travellers to take the road by night in Spain, and although many doubtless heard the clatter of horses' feet on the polished cobble-stones of the city, none rose from bed to watch the horsemen pass.

At that time Toledo possessed, and, indeed, to the present day can boast of but one good inn, a picturesque old house in the Plaza de Zocodover, overhung by the mighty Alcazar. Here Cervantes must have eaten and Lazarillo de Tormes, no doubt, caroused. Here those melancholy men and mighty humourists must have delighted the idler by their talk. Concepcion soon aroused the sleepy porter, and the great doors being thrown open, the party passed into the courtyard without quitting the saddle.

"It is," said Concepcion, "an English excellency and his suite."

"We have another such in the house," answered the sleepy doorkeeper, "though he travels with but one servant."

"We know that, my friend, which is the reason why we patronise your dog-hole of an inn. See that the two excellencies breakfast together at a table apart in the morning."

"You will have matters to speak about with the Señor Pleydell in the morning?" said Concepcion, as he unpacked Conyngham's luggage a few minutes later.

"Yes; I should like to speak to Señor Pleydell."

"And I," said Concepcion, turning round with a brush in his hand, "should like a moment's conversation with Señor Larralde."

"Ah!"

"Yes, excellency; he is in this matter, too. But the Señor Larralde is so modest—so modest! He always remains in the background."

In the tents of Kedar men sleep as sound as those who lie on soft pillows, and Conyngham was late astir the next morning. Sir John Pleydell was, it transpired, already at his breakfast, and had ordered his carriage for an early hour to take the road to Talavera. It was thus evident that Sir John knew nothing of the arrival of his fellow-countryman at midnight.

The cold face of the great lawyer wore a look of satisfaction as he sat at a small table in the *patio* of the hotel and drank his coffee. Conyngham watched him for a moment from the balcony of the courtyard, himself unseen, while Concepcion stood within his master's bedroom and rubbed his brown hands together in anticipation of a dramatic moment. Conyngham passed down the stone steps and crossed the *patio* with a gay smile. Sir John recognised him as he emerged from the darkness of the stairway, but his face betrayed neither surprise nor fear. There was a look in the gray eyes, however, that seemed to betoken doubt. Such a look a man might wear who had long travelled with assurance upon a road which he took to be the right one, and then at a turning found himself in a strange country with no landmark to guide him.

Sir John Pleydell had always outwitted his fellows; he had, in fact, been what is called a successful man—a little cleverer, a little more cunning than those around him.

He looked up now at Conyngham, who was drawing forward a chair to the neighbouring table, and the cold eye, which had been the dread of many a criminal, wavered.

"The waiter has set my breakfast near to yours," said Conyngham, unconcernedly seating himself.

And Concepcion, in the balcony above, cursed the English for a cold-blooded race. This was not the sort of meeting he had anticipated. He could

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throw a knife very prettily, and gave a short sigh of regret as he turned to his peaceful duties.

Conyngham examined the simple fare provided for him, and then looked toward his companion with that cheerfulness which is too rare in this world, for it is born of a great courage, and outward circumstances cannot affect it. Sir John Pleydell had lost all interest in his meal, and was looking keenly at Conyngham, dissecting, as it were, his face, probing his mind, searching through the outward manner of the man, and running helplessly against a motive which he failed to understand.

"I have in my long experience found that all men may be divided into two classes," he said acidly.

"Fools and knaves," suggested Conyngham.

"You have practised at the bar," parenthetically.

Conyngham shrugged his shoulders.

"Unsuccessfully; anybody can do that."

"Which are you, a fool or a knave?" asked Sir John.

And suddenly Conyngham pitied him, for no man is proof against the quick sense of pathos aroused by the sight of man or dumb animal baffled. At the end of his life Sir John had engaged upon the greatest quest of it—an unworthy quest, no doubt, but his heart was in it—and he was an old man, though he bore his years well enough.

"Perhaps that is the mistake you have always made," said Conyngham gravely. "Perhaps men are not to be divided into two classes. There may be some who only make mistakes, Sir John."

Unconsciously he had lapsed into the advocate, as those who have once played the part are apt to do. This was not his own cause, but Geoffrey Horner's; and he served his friend so thoroughly, that for the moment he really was the man whose part he had elected to play. Sir John Pleydell was no mean foe. Geoffrey Horner had succeeded in turning aside the public suspicion, and in the eternal march of events, of which the sound is louder as the world grows older and hollower, the murder of Alfred Pleydell had been forgotten by all save this cold-blooded avenger. Conyngham saw the danger, and never thought to avoid it. What had been undertaken half in jest would be carried out in deadly earnest.

"Mistakes!" said Sir John sceptically. In dealing with the seamy side of life men come to believe that it is all stitches.

"Which they may pass the rest of their lives in regretting."

Sir John looked sharply at his companion, with suspicion dawning in his eyes again. It was Conyngham's tendency to overplay his part. Later, when he became a soldier, and found that path in life for which he was best fitted, his superior officers and the cooler tacticians complained that he was overeager and in battle outpaced the men he led.

"Then you see now that it was a mistake," suggested Sir John. In cross-examinations the suggestions of Sir John Pleydell are remembered in certain courts of justice to this day.

"Of course."

"To have mixed yourself in such an affair at all?"

"Yes."

Sir John seemed to be softening, and Conyngham began to see a way out of this difficulty which had never suggested itself to him before.

"Such mistakes have to be paid for, and the law assesses the price."

Conyngham shrugged his shoulders.

"It is easy enough to say you are sorry; the law can make no allowance for regret."

Conyngham turned his attention to his breakfast, deeming it useless to continue the topic.

"It was a mistake to attend the meeting at Durham; you admit that," continued Sir John.

"Yes; I admit that, if it is any satisfaction to you."

"Then it was worse than a mistake to actually lead the men out to my house for the purpose of breaking the windows. It was almost a crime, I would suggest to you as a soldier, for the moment, to lead a charge up a steep hill against a body of farm labourers and others entrenched behind a railing."

"That is a mere matter of opinion."

"And yet you did that," said Sir John. "If you are going to break the law, you should ensure success before embarking on your undertaking."

Conyngham made no answer.

"It was also a stupid error, if I may

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say so, to make your way back to Durham by Ravensworth, where you were seen and recognised. You see, I have a good case against you, Mr. Conyngham."

"Yes, I admit you have a good case against me, but you have not caught me yet."

Sir John Pleydell looked at him coldly.

"You do not even take the trouble to deny the facts I have named."

"Why should I when they are true?" asked Conyngham carelessly.

Sir John Pleydell leant back in his chair.

"I have classified you," he said with a queer laugh.

"Ah!" answered Conyngham, suddenly uneasy.

"Yes—as a fool."

He leant forward with a deprecating gesture of his thin white hand.

"Do not be offended," he said, "and do not reproach yourself for having given your case away. You never had a case, Mr. Conyngham. Chartists are not made of your material at all. As soon as you gave me your card in Madrid I had a slight suspicion. I thought you were travelling under a false name. It was plain to the merest onlooker that you were not the man I sought. You are too easy-going, too much of a gentleman to be a Chartist. You are screening somebody else. You have played the part well, and with an admirable courage and fidelity. I wish my boy Alfred had had a few such friends as you. But you are a fool, Mr. Conyngham. No man on earth is worth the sacrifice that you have made."

Conyngham slowly stirred his coffee. He was meditating.

"You have pieced together a very pretty tale," he said at length, "some new scheme to get me within the reach of the English law, no doubt."

"It is a pretty tale, too pretty for practical life. And if you want proofs, I will mention the fact that the Chartist meeting was at Chester-le Street, not Durham; that my house stands in a hollow and not on a hill; that you could not possibly go to Durham *via* Ravensworth, for they lie in opposite directions. No, Mr. Conyngham, you are not the man I seek; and, strange to say, I took a liking to you when I first saw you. I am no believer in instinct, or mutual sympathy, or any such sentimental nonsense. I do not believe in much, Mr. Conyngham, and not in human nature at all. I know too much about it for that. But there must have been something in that liking for you at first sight. I wish you no harm, Mr. Conyngham. I am like Balaam. I came to curse, and now stay to bless; or perhaps I am more like Balaam's companion and adviser—I bray too much."

He sat back again with a queer smile.

"You may go home to England tomorrow if you care to," he added, after a pause; "and if that affair is ever raked up against you, I will be your friend, if you will have me."

"Thank you."

"You do not want to go home to England," suggested Sir John, whose ear was as quick as his eye.

"No; I have affairs in Spain."

"Or perhaps a castle here. Beware of such; I once had one."

And the cold, gray face softened for an instant. It seemed at times as if there were, after all, a man behind that marble casing.

"A man who can secure such friendship as yours has proved itself to be," said Sir John after a short silence, "can scarcely be wholly bad. He may, as you say, have made a mistake. I promise nothing, but perhaps I will make no further attempts to find him."

Conyngham was silent. To speak would have been to admit.

"So far as I am concerned," said Sir John, rising, "you are safe in this or any country. But, I warn you, you have a dangerous enemy in Spain."

"I know," answered Conyngham with a laugh—"Mr. Esteban Larralde. I once undertook to deliver a letter for him. It was not what he represented it to be, and after I had delivered it he began to suspect me of having read it. He is kind enough to consider me of some importance in the politics of this country, owing to the information I am supposed to possess. I know nothing of the contents of the letter, but I want to regain it—if only for a few moments. That is the whole story, and that is how matters stand between Larralde and myself."

(*To be continued.*)

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AMERICAN ART CRITICISM.

In contrast to the common assertion that the American race is developing in its feelings for life and expression some traits prominent in the French may be put the observation that in our contemporary literature we are almost weakest where the French are strongest. We who in the arts which are less generally followed here, in painting and sculpture, are contributing to the first rank of artists, and are at least respectable in fiction, are in an art which is much more practised here, that of criticism, really insignificant. Although in no country do people read more, in no country of importance is the current comment on books more lacking in thought and workmanship. In short stories we are doing something firm and individual, but in the art of which in a nation of readers we might expect high development we are to-day as far behind France and even England as we are in poetry. In comment on the drama the same low level is unbroken. Although we are a theatre-going nation, we have few with the knowledge of the stage which makes experts of Sarcey, Archer, and Lemaître, nobody with the literary charm, put into dramatic criticism, of Walkley, Shaw, or Anatole France. Strangely enough, the most interesting criticism of the day is put upon those arts of which our people know least. How many commentators on books in the United States have the subtlety, the keen edge, the intellectual fineness shown in Mr. Brownell's criticism of art? Is there to be found in much of our literary criticism the grave certainty and elevation of Mr. La Farge, or the results of study, contact, energy, and high aim which meet in the style of Mrs. Van Rensselaer and make it alive, even when it is rough? These critics in their speech sound important, they have the undertone of feeling and understanding, they stand for grasp and choice. To add one other to the list, who of our literary critics gives the clear, informal explanations of technical faults and successes that are thrown off in anonymous judgments of contemporary pictures and books on painting by the strict and lawyer-like pen of Mr. Cox?

The explanation of these seemingly anomalous conditions is to be found in what at first sight appears to constitute the anomalies. It is the size of our reading public that keeps our literary criticism lower than our creative work in literature and the plastic arts, and lower than our art criticism. We read not only more books than the people of other countries, but more newspapers also; and it is the newspaper which partly sets and entirely represents average American standards. The large amount of space given in the dailies to literature and drama forms a contrast to the quality of the treatment. They must give the crowd what it will take immediately. They, the newspapers, aiming at great circulations, the plays, aiming at popular runs, the books, aiming at immediate sale, are all largely formed by the taste of that part of humanity which in other countries, where there is no popular education, has little to do with literature. Small and few indeed among us are the sets yet formed which raise and nourish men who care more for the mild approval of the judicious than for the money and the notoriety of popular success. Suppose that an American understood the mechanism of the drama as well as M. Sarcey, say, or Mr. Archer, would he be found out and encouraged by our journals? For a critic as erudite as M. Brunetière what respect, what dignity is there here compared to what France offers to solid work? What newspaper in America would not call an unknown Walkley or Anatole France "too literary"? How many editors frankly tell contributors that literary excellence is nothing; that popularity of subject is everything! Thus it is that the size of the audience which listens to the critic here makes him speak like a stump orator. The very possibilities of criticism keep from it healthy encouragement. The crowd will not be led too fast. We support literary criticism in but one weekly of the same class with the French and English, and in but one daily.

Expert handling of what we all feel capable of handling bores us, and even insults us. There is a story, probably true, that the owner of a great New York paper discharged his dramatic editor and openly announced his preference

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for ordinary reporters as critics of the theatre and as book-reviewers; in that, as in most of our publications, are the side issues of untrained men. The principal exception consists of the careless opinions of men who are famous for other things, and these opinions, being bought for the signature, are almost always miserable. How many readers know of the existence of Mr. Brownell compared to the number who read the critical trivialities published by prominent men, whose critical faculties are so feeble that they are rightly treated with condescension even by the newspapers? When one of these prominent men does write criticisms he is careful not to go over the heads of his readers or to hurt the man who says, as so many say, "Perhaps I don't know what is good, but I know what I like," meaning that his opinion is as good as another's. The action of the committee of the Army of the Tennessee, overruling as unintelligent the decision of the Sculptor's Society, to which they had submitted designs for a statue of General Sherman, is fresh in our minds. We will accept facts from experts, but our opinions are our own.

It is his own opinion, therefore, that the average reader has reflected back to him by the newspapers and magazines. One characteristic of his opinion is that it is not artistic, but ethical. For instance, we do not find expositions of the methods of Ibsen, Pinero, or Dumas, to take three men remarkable for technical qualities, but homilies on the character of Mrs. Tanqueray or on the fitness of showing "certain things" to the public. Instead of enthusiasm like that of the elder Dumas over his son's skill in getting his heroine back to Paris after the third act of La Dame aux Camélias, we have soliloquies on the possibility of Marguerite's being so refined in her occupation. Of the few dailies most read by cultivated Americans two have for dramatic critics men whose moral tone is so high that they are actually unacquainted with the unwholesome plays of France, and I have seen a musical critic of prominence leave the opera house after the first act at the first presentation of *Manon*, because it followed the novel too closely, to write the next day a scathing dismissal of the opera. Nowhere do we get the detachment, penetration, and learning that must combine to make an equipped critic of books or plays. The only one among these New York papers worthy of notice which is free from Jeromiac concern lacks artistic seriousness too, and aims only at jocosity. Our critics do not study foreign models, they do not study their subjects, and they do not have the general attitude of culture, which is more needed by the critic than by any other artist. Without these difficult acquirements they can, with instincts compounded of ethical obsessions and carelessness of art, mirror a few prejudices, and that is all they need to do.

To remain cheerful, however, one need only remember that criticism as an art is always a late development, which truth is too general to grieve over. Winslow Homer can be a powerful artist on the solitary coast of Maine, Miss Wilkins can make pictures in forlorn New England towns, but a general excellence in criticism, much more than in any other art, is dependent on the formation of groups of intelligent people, which in turn is dependent on social stratification. Criticism, as it is immediately the voice of culture, will appear only as part of the general intelligence now unsifted in our raw mass of democracy is freed and crystallised in smaller classes independent of everything save their own tastes. It is, indeed, not impossible that when these necessary divisions are made the culture which will result will be broader on account of the influence of democracy, which must still be felt; because that influence, destructive now, may then tend to give a deeper human tone, to give to the ordinary critic, the mere spokesman of his environment, something of that wide interest tempered with humour, that free play with his material, the average mind, which has usually been the exclusive possession of the great critic of life, the Rabelais, Cervantes, or Molière. Much as we need instruction and technical understanding, as requisites to any advance, we shall of course be lucky if our culture when it comes is slower to run the ordinary historical course into formalism, and one may at least hope that the narrowness of the barrier which will separate our future cultivated class from the masses behind it, will keep it on the move and prevent hardening into forms. Just now, however, it is natural to think less of possible safeguards for

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our prospective civilisation than of the changes needed to begin the refining process. Therefore, any growth of social distinctions, of a leisure class, of respect for tradition and authority, is an encouraging sign, the danger of the sequence of bookishness, rigidity, and deviation from the constants of human nature being too remote to think of yet. In the meantime there is more immediate promise in the criticism of art than there is in that of literature, probably because the public, recognising the technical difficulties of painting and sculpture, sees more often the need of training for the critic of pictures and statues than it sees the need of training and natural fitness in a man who does merely what almost any American high school graduate feels capable of doing.

Norman Hapgood.

A FEW ODD ENDS.

It appears that just as many find it difficult to commence the writing of a novel, so there are some who, having commenced and having got well into the swing of the work, are unable to bring themselves to a full stop. Thus it happens that the novel is never finished; is never submitted to publishers, and, as a necessary consequence, has no opportunity of coming within sight of the public eye. The following specimens of last pages will, it is hoped, be of service to those who find themselves in this distressing predicament:

* * * * *

No. I.

The long-estranged pair, meeting in Kensington Gardens, bowed to each other distantly. It was the first time they had encountered each other since their separation, and the old, old days at Bedford Park seemed to each of them to belong to another life.

"You are well, I trust, Margaret?" he said, with chilling politeness.

"I'm amongst the middlings," she said, lightly. "What have you been doing to your chin?"

"'Tis nothing," he said. "My hand slipped this morning whilst I was shaving."

"You weren't thinking of what you were doing."

"No," he said, sadly; "I was thinking, Margaret, of you."

There was a pause.

"How green everything's looking!" she remarked, casually.

"Margaret," he cried, in a hoarse voice, "why do you torture me? Why do we meet thus as strangers? You and I were so much to each other once. I shall never know happiness again until you forgive and——"

"Mind that mail-cart!" she said, warningly. A thoughtless nurse was looking over her shoulder, exchanging badinage with four long scarlet soldiers. "Perkins, why don't you look where you are going with baby?"

Perkins, at the sound of her mistress's voice, turned apologetically. The small infant in the perambulator sat up and cried "Mamma! papa!" several times with great emphasis. As this appeared to have no softening effect, the baby hit each of them smartly with his rattle.

"I say," said the baby, reprovingly, "isn't it about time you two silly jokers left off making fools of yourselves?"

"Oh, naughty baby," said the nurse, "to use such a wicked word to your parents, who are so good and kind and——"

The two, touched by the baby's appeal, signalled to Perkins to cease. Bending with one accord over the large beefeater hat which the child wore, their faces were near to each other. Instantly the light of reason sprang to their eyes.

"Margaret!" he whispered.

"Ralph!" she answered.

"Tell me—tell me, in the presence of our child, from whom we have so much to learn, that you can——"

"That I can," she said very softly, "forgive and forget."

The infant clapped his tiny little hands with joy; a tear trembled on Perkins's cheek; the birds in the trees twittered their congratulations. And thus the Fates gave to the young couple the key of the gateway that leads to the Garden of Happiness.

FINIS.

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No. II.

They carried him, sorely wounded, on an ambulance to the temporary hospital erected outside the lines. But he would not permit the doctor to examine him until he had first penned and despatched his report of the battle to his editor. Then the operation was performed, and he bore it all without flinching.

"Man," said the old Scotch surgeon, admiringly, "ye're a braw laddie. Are ye no frae Edinboro'? Ay, I thocht so. Pairsonally I come frae several pairts of Scutland, and I combine the dialects o' them a'. And what ye require now is guid nairsing. A young leddy here has kindly volunteered, if ye've no objection——"

He shook his head feebly, for he was now very weak, and, turning on his pillow, he slept. Muriel (for the nurse was, as my readers will have guessed, none other than she) pressed her cool white hand on his forehead, and he murmured contentedly.

"Ye'll take special care o' your patient, lassie," said the old Scotch surgeon, pinching her cheek with the familiarity of his race. "He's wairth it."

"I know," she answered in a whisper. "Would that I had perceived it before."

"Ye're no acquented?" With amazement.

"We were once," she said slowly, "excellent friends."

"Maircy on us!" said the old surgeon, as he bustled off. "'Tis a michty small wairld."

During the night he awoke, murmured her name, and closed his eyes once more. As the dawn came through the windows, he aroused himself, and looked long and fixedly at her. Presently he spoke.

"Your husband?" he said, curtly.

"Which one?" she inquired.

"Don't trifle," he said. "I mean—I mean Benjamin Hatherway."

"He is no more," she said, submissively. She gave a little cough, and looked down at her slippers. "Neither is Sir Thomas Webb, whom I married subsequently. Perhaps you didn't know that I——"

"Tell me"—he gasped nervously as he spoke, and seemed apprehensive of the reply—"how many husbands have you had in all? The total, I mean."

"Only two," she said, pleadingly. "And Sir Thomas was a very short man." He did not speak, and she continued, nervously, "They say three is the number for luck."

"Lady Webb!"

"Call me by the old name."

"Tots, may I be number three?"

Dear reader, you can guess her answer. Let us not intrude further on the confidences of the happy pair brought together so strangely after being, as those of you who have read this book will have noticed, BUFFETED BY FORTUNE.

* * * * *

No. III.

"Ah, my pretty doves!" he said sneeringly, as he stood on the *City of Paris*, which was being tugged carefully out of Southampton Harbour. "I will be even with you yet."

Captain Crawleigh shook his fist at the distant shore and swore beneath his breath. There was ill-concealed satisfaction, too, in his manner, for (such is man's ingenuity) he had already carefully thought out a scheme by which on his arrival in New York the happiness of the young couple could be impaired. The letters which May when a mere girl had written to him; the photograph; a forged telegram—the rest would be easy.

"My girl," he muttered sardonically, "I think I shall score after all."

He felt a smart rap on the shoulder.

"Ullo, Keptin," said our old friend Chuffey Small, familiarly. "'Aving a little trip on the briny?"

"Curse you!" said Crawleigh between his teeth. "Why do you always follow me? I thought you were dead."

"Me," echoed Chuffey. "Dead? Lor' bless you, no. That ain't a 'abit I'm addicted to. It wouldn't pay me to go and die."

"'Twould be the wisest thing you ever did."

"It's a question," said Chuffey, "that we look at from different points of view, Keptin." He lowered his voice. "Did anything ever come out about them forged bank-notes that you and me——"

"Keep that infernal mouth of yours shut, you fool," cried Captain Crawleigh, with much fierceness. "Do you want everybody on board to know our secrets?"

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"Depends!" said Chuffey. "I want to do what pays me best."

"You won't get another penny out of me, you villain."

"Vurry well, Keptin. We'll try another way." The bell rang for dinner, and the deck cleared as if by magic. It was becoming dusk, and our two quondam friends were alone in the dim light. "After dinner this evening I shall tike the opportunity to offer a few remarks in public concerning you and your past, and I shall tike care that Mrs. Vanderboodle, the rich American widow——"

"You devil!" screams Captain Crawleigh furiously. "Take that!"

Chuffey Small dodges the blow adroitly, and Crawleigh, staggering, is at his mercy. With an impetuous movement Chuffey throws himself upon Crawleigh, and a terrific struggle ensues. Slowly they approach (in their excitement) the side of the good ship *City of Paris*. A twist of Chuffey's leg, a sudden lurch of the vessel, and Captain Crawleigh goes overboard, never to rise again.

And then Mr. Chuffey Small strolls below and makes an excellent dinner.

(CONCLUDED.)

* * * * *

No. IV.

And the happy marriage bells rang out a merry peal, signalling to all and sundry the wedding of Gerald and Lady Beatrice, together, after all their troubles, in unending happiness till death should part them.

There are little children now at the Hall, numbering altogether fifteen, and Lady Beatrice, their proud mother, is no longer the slight lissom creature whom we encountered for the first time in the hunting field. Her figure has become more rounded, her face has more repose, but she has still her happy girlish laugh, and her love of practical jokes has not been diminished by time. A hair-brush in a visitor's bed, the sudden withdrawing of a chair, the filling of silk hats with lard; these and other pleasantries of our now happy heroine make the Hall ring with jovial mirth.

Lord Rooke went abroad and married an elderly actress, and thinks no doubt sometimes of his mis-spent life. Trotter, the faithful trainer, is also married and happy. The Dean of Wilborough unfortunately lost his amiable wife a few years since, but he instantly married again, and this union has been blest by a numerous progeny. Charlie Hinde of the Tenth (Gerald's old friend) is wooing Gerald's sister, and if one may peep into the future, one may premise for him the success he deserves. Mrs. Hards, the housekeeper at the Hall, is about to accept the hand and heart of Farmer Kite, who still prides himself on his "vamous brew of zider." Phyllis, the under-housemaid, has made a railway porter happy, and the curate is supposed by the gossips to have designs on the heart of the eldest Miss Streake.

Here we may well leave our friends. Here too, reader, you and I must part. We have been companions for a long journey; now we have come to the parting of the ways. Maybe in this busy world's stress and conflict you and I may meet again. Who knows?

THE END.

* * * * *

It is only necessary to add that no charge of plagiarism will be brought by the present writer against those who avail themselves of the foregoing conclusions.

W. Pett Ridge.

FINIS.

O Earth! our lives are but a day;
About thy mother-feet we creep,
Till tired at last of all our play,
We nestle in thy breast and sleep.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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LONDON LETTER.

Trade is slowly reviving after the Jubilee, and is perhaps better at present than it is in an average August. It is expected to receive a fillip from the production of Mr. Hall Caine's book, which runs to 160,000 words, and 50,000 copies of which have been printed as a first edition, exclusive of American and colonial editions. This will bring the number fully up to 100,000. Messrs. Ballantyne and Company have had seven machines working on the book, and have beaten the record of the trade in the matter of rapid production. Mr. Hall Caine receives between £6000 and £7000 before publication. He has taken immense pains in the revision of the book, having had authorities of various kinds reading it carefully and giving him their suggestions. It is now three years since *The Manxman* was published.

The talk is still about the coercion of the booksellers by the publishers—I mean the proposal that no books should be supplied except to those who will pledge themselves to give only tv opence discount in the shilling. The great discount booksellers who give threepence in the shilling seem inclined to fight the proposal. It has also important bearings upon authors, and the Authors' Society committee is considering it. I have no doubt at all that the result would be to bring the price of six-shilling novels down to five shillings. As a rule the public does not get much for six shillings, but it pays the present price, four shillings and sixpence, cheerfully enough. I predict that if the change is carried out novels will have to be published at five shillings. The result will be that the public will get them at four shillings and twopence. This will mean a great loss alike to publishers and authors. I am told that the apparent unanimity of the publishing trade is not real; that many of the leading members have the greatest misgivings as to the step proposed to be taken, and that it is quite on the cards that the previous decision will be reversed and the old discount kept up. It is doubtless a misfortune that the discount is so large, but it is not easy to redress steps of this kind.

Mr. Kipling has acquired great credit by his Jubilee verses printed in the *Times*. They have presented a new side of that versatile mind to many. Their high religious tone is in strange contrast with much of Mr. Kipling's patriotic poetry, and many have felt as if they had witnessed a conversion more complete and more sudden than has ever been accomplished in the annals of the Salvation Army. Still it remains true that Mr. Kipling's are the only verses on the subject that have touched the popular heart; and if he continues in this strain he will rapidly find a new public still larger and more influential than the public he has already gained.

There is a movement going on among authors which, if it comes to anything, will diminish the gains of the literary agent. Most of the novelists of our country are in the hands of two or three literary agents. These agents have done very well for them. They have increased their profits largely, and have kept strict account of their business. The agents of late have been competing with one another in raising the price of work. They have given another turn to the screw, and through the competition of new firms they have been able to get immense royalties even for authors who have no very great public. But the authors are beginning to complain that if the agents can accomplish their purpose they will receive one tenth of the whole literary income of the country. They argue that this is unfair; that the service of an agent should be remunerated according to a fixed scale, just as the services of a lawyer are. If a lawyer is successful in gaining a suit for a client he does not receive forever ten per cent. of the net income that follows. He is paid his fees and the matter is done with. Authors, or at least many of them, think that it should be so with their agents. They should be paid for their trouble and then the matter should take end. This change cannot come at once, but it is certain to arrive, as the competition between agents, which is now comparatively very little, increases. That it will increase seems likely enough when it is considered that the agent almost alone among business men requires no capital, can incur no risks, has no losses, and gains by every item of work he is able to transact. For a long time the agents were careful to

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be on good terms with publishers and to give publishers a fair chance, and it will be regrettable if this policy is departed from. For if an exorbitant royalty is put upon a book, it is certain that the publisher will not and cannot advertise and push the book as he would on a lower price. Therefore such exorbitant royalties lead to the grinding down of every one concerned, printers and bookbinders especially being included. It is no secret that both these trades in London have been much less profitable lately than they used to be. The bookbinding trade in particular has suffered. More business has been done and less profit has been made. The consequence is that many girls are employed in the trade at starvation wages, which virtually force many of them upon the street.

Some changes have taken place or are likely to take place in our magazine world. Mr. Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly* and *Pearson's Magazine*, has been considering the purchase of the *Idler*. The *Idler* was started by Mr. Jerome and Mr. Barr at sixpence, and obtained a large circulation. Ultimately Mr. Barr received payment for his share, and quitted the periodical, which since then has been in the hands of Mr. Jerom... Mr. Jerome raised the price from sixpence to a shilling, and has put a good deal of his own work into it. It is, however, more difficult to sell a shilling magazine than a sixpenny, and Mr. Jerome seems to be willing to concentrate his energies upon *To-day*, which he has made successful after the expenditure of a comparatively large capital. Mr. Strachey, it is said, is to quit the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he has held for rather more than a year. The *Cornhill* was edited as a sixpenny magazine by Mr. James Payn. When Mr. Payn withdrew it was raised to a shilling, and Mr. Strachey has done his best to revive it at that price. His successor, it is said, will be Mr. Graves, the clever author of *The Hawarden Horace*. I do not believe that there is any future for shilling magazines in this country. One can imagine a shilling magazine of sport conducted on very different lines from the *Badminton*, which might attain great popularity.

Mr. Barrie and his wife went to the Engadine after the copyright performance of Mr. Barrie's new play, *The Little Minister*. Readers of *The Little Minister* will find enormous changes made in the plot. The whole conclusion is different, and has been made bright, light, and pleasant. The play will be produced in the early weeks of October, and all concerned are very sanguine that a great success will be achieved both here and in America. Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, who are to take the chief parts, were to go to Thrums to learn the dialect, but have changed their minds, and are taking a rest in rural England.

The beautiful new edition of Scott, which Messrs. Dent are producing, will be prefaced by Mr. Clement Shorter, who will be able to throw much new light upon Scott.

The title of Mr. Barrie's conclusion of *Sentimental Tommy* will probably be *The Celebrated Tommy*.

Many of your readers will hear with sympathy of the death of Mr. Samuel Harraden, the father of the gifted novelist, Miss Beatrice Harraden. Mr. Harraden's illness has not been of long duration, and it was only at the last that he became aware of its very serious nature. He suffered much, but was happily tranquil at the last. He was carefully nursed by his devoted daughters, who idolised his fine, chivalrous character, his great abilities, and his wonderful versatility. Miss Beatrice Harraden, who is bearing up wonderfully, testifies that she owes all her success in literature to her father.

We have to lament the death of Sir John Skelton, known as a writer by his pseudonym "Shirley." He was another prop of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which has suffered much in his death and in that of Mrs. Oliphant. Sir John Skelton, who enjoyed his knighthood, if he can be said to have enjoyed it at all, only for a fortnight or so, was an accomplished man, a good critic, a careful writer with a touch of poetry, and an ardent champion of Mary, Queen of Scots. His books on Mary, however, are not to be trusted. They are characterised by Mr. D. Hay Fleming, the first volume of whose great work on Mary will be published in October, as "most unscrupulous." Personally Sir John Skelton was a man of most amiable and delightful character.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, July 31, 1897.

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PARIS LETTER.

If Henri Meilhac's death had occurred a few years ago people would have wondered how Ludovic Halévy could remain alive. The union of the two writers was almost as complete as that of Erckmann and Chatrian, and they might have been called the Siamese twins of the stage. But the partnership came one day to an end, and now Meilhac has left us and we still possess his quondam literary associate. The question that naturally arises in literary partnership is, How much was the work of one of the partners and how much of the other? We now know that when Meilhac was one of the partners the other one wrote nothing. It is a fact that not a line was ever allowed by Meilhac to be written by one of his associates; but he corrected, revised, erased a great deal when advised by them to do so; never, though, without a struggle. Criticism always made him jump to his feet; he protested against it; he was sure he was right; he never would do what was asked of him, etc. The next day the thing was done, and done with remarkable skill and cheerfulness. And note that in about two thirds of one hundred plays or so that he wrote Meilhac had partners! With Halévy he wrote about one third of the total number, including the best known of them, *La Belle Hélène*, *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, *Les Brigands*, *La Périchole*, and last, but certainly not least, *Froufrou*. He continued to write charming things for the stage after severing his literary connection with Halévy, and the latter devoted himself to novel-writing. Without Meilhac's help he dared not appear on the boards, for *L'Abbé Constantin* is a dramatised novel and not really a play.

Meilhac's will caused quite a sensation. He had no near relatives, and all his estate goes to his young friend Louis Ganderax, one of the two editors of the *Revue de Paris*. The estate consists of a fine library, a clear two hundred thousand francs, and an income from copyrights of from fifty to one hundred thousand francs, all this due to honest and sturdy literary labour! Everybody is glad of Ganderax's good fortune, and the will will not be contested. So this man of letters' savings will go where he wanted them to go. Will it be the same with Goncourt's?

Causidici (!) *certant et adhuc sub iudice lis est.*

The *causidici* have had their say; they were Maître Chenu for the contestants, and Maître Raymond Poincarré, the brilliant young politician, for the executors. The Ministère Public who, in this case, is M. Edmond Seligman, will speak next week, and it is now greatly feared that he will reluctantly advise the judges to set the will aside. There can be no doubt about Goncourt's intentions and about his mental sanity; but unfortunately he managed to heap irregularities upon irregularities. The most curious and, if the will does not stand, the most fatal, was his copying an old will made in 1884, introducing into it new clauses, one of which referred to Maupassant's insanity which began in 1892, and preserving the old date of 1884! So you see that the prospects of the Goncourt Academy are not exactly bright at the present writing. But *all* hope is not yet lost that the bench of judges may disregard technical irregularities and pay attention only to the question of the testator's intention and ability to decide for himself.

Among the literary events of the month I must mention (*une fois n'est pas coutume*) a debate which took place in the session of the Chamber of Deputies which has just been closed. The subject of the debate was an interpellation of Professor Jean Jaurès, the Socialist leader, on the causes of the present agricultural distress in France. The debate took place on three successive Saturdays, the first two of which were filled by Jaurès's speech and the last one by an answer by Paul Deschanel, the gifted son of the old professor and literary critic, Émile Deschanel. He admitted that no such treat has been offered for years in the French Parliament to lovers of fine oratory. Jaurès was at his best, and when at his best he is as good as he is bad when at his worst, which is saying a good deal; and Deschanel's finished speech carried the House by storm, and was ordered to be placarded as an official document in every city, town and village of France. His concluding sentences are among the most melodious that ever came from the lips of any French public speaker, and their delivery was as effective as could be. All

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this is said by me without entering at all into the merits of the controversy.

I may mention here a pleasing incident of the debate. Deschanel had just said that he was afraid that he and his colleague were wasting the time of the House. "You slander yourself!" Jaurès broke in. "Thanks for the compliment," Deschanel rejoined. "Coming from so accomplished a judge as you it cannot but flatter me!" It is the more pleasing that the two men are comparatively young, only forty or forty-two years old.

Not so young as these political athletes are the two men whose letters, now for the first time published in the *Revue de Paris*, are being read, or rather devoured by every thoughtful reader in Europe. One, Renan, is dead; the other, Berthelot, is past seventy. The great chemist prefaces the letters with an introduction which is a delight to every lover of terse and clear-cut French. The two great men's lifelong friendship, though, does not make one forget the inscription which Renan once jocosely proposed for his friend's still unopened grave: "Here lies Berthelot, who occupies here the only situation that was not coveted by him!" But great men's vices and foibles pass and their best work endures.

The name of Ganderax's co-editor on the *Revue de Paris*, Professor Lavisse, will soon appear on the title-page of a work of commanding importance, a *History of France*, which will be published by Hachette. It will fill no less than eight stout volumes. They will not be all Professor Lavisse's work, but he is himself to write a part, and to edit carefully every line. His associates will be Professor Marcel Dubois, for the geographical introduction; Professor Gustave Block for the Roman period; Professor Luchaire for the Middle Ages; Professor Mariejol for the sixteenth century; and Professor Lemonnier for the earlier part of the seventeenth. Lavisse's own share will consist of the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. The narrative will not go farther than the year 1789.

Strange to say, there is now no standard history of France; Henri Martin's is too bulky and ponderous, Michelet's lacks proportion, Guizot's is marred by the author's too systematic way of looking at history, and also by being originally intended for children. So Professor Lavisse's work is sure to be welcomed, and the names of the writers give every promise of success.

I have not many new books to report this month. The warm season is also the *morte saison* for literature. Abel Hermant, whose clever play, *La Carrière*, I mentioned in one of my last letters, publishes a rather exasperating volume, *Transatlantiques*. It is a series of conversations, in which most of the characters claim to be Americans. But what strange Americans these are! I do not say that Hermant never met them, but if he did it reminds me of a story that is told of Max O'Rell, who having heard an American clergyman just back from France inveigh against the wicked, immoral way in which the French spend their Sundays, answered, "I do not say the gentleman did not see these things, but, then, where did he spend his Sundays when in France?" Still there is wit in *Transatlantiques*, as in everything that comes from the same pen, though a somewhat hysterical kind of wit.

But the book which is in everybody's hands now, and the praises of which are on everybody's lips, is not a French book. It is a translation; and it is as wholesome a book as can be read. It is Nansen's account of his last voyage, *Vers le Pôle*. The French translation, the author of which, Charles Rabot, is himself an explorer of considerable energy, is an admirable piece of work. The book reads as though it had been written in French. I doubt whether Nansen will find a better interpreter in any language. No one will say here, "*Traduttore, traditore!*"

The stage, of course, is rather barren at this time of the year, but the actors of the Théâtre Français are about to start on a kind of literary pilgrimage. In the old restored Roman theatre at Orange they are to play Leconte de Lisle's *Erinnyes* and Jules Lacroix's version of Sophocles's *Antigone*, and in Valence they will assist in the fêtes organised for the inauguration of Émile Augier's statue. Yet while honouring the dead they are not neglecting the living. It is rumoured that next year, or the year after at the latest, they will give one of Ibsen's plays. At any rate, it is known to be the desire of the manager, Jules Claretie. He will meet opposition, no doubt. Will he bear it down? *Qui vivra verra.*

Alfred Manière.

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NEW BOOKS.

HALL CAINE AS A DECADENT.*

When, some months ago, we read that Mr. Hall Caine had stated or allowed it to be stated, that the plots of his novels were drawn conjointly from the Bible and the New York *Herald*—that one was the story of Jacob and Esau, another of David and Bathsheba, not forgetting Uriah the Hittite—when we read this we were very sorry. Not that we are squeamish about the dignity of Scripture, or that a great deal of truth as well as of human nature may not be found in the New York *Herald;* but that it seemed to us distinctly a pose, and that a poseur is too self-conscious for great achievements in literary art. But let us be perfectly understood. *The Manxman* is a great book; if the *motif* were taken from that immortal story of Uriah, the Hittite gentleman, we have only to say that the Manx fisherman Pete is not unworthy of his prototype, though Philip is scarcely a King David. Nevertheless, there is a certain scene in *The Manxman* which, in its realistic effect upon the imagination, is distinctly immoral; and when we find the worst features of this scene dragged, by the head and shoulders, with no justification whatever, into *The Christian*, we feel by no means disposed to submit without a protest.

If Mr. Caine had dared, he would have called his new novel *The Christ*, so hard does he labour to convince us of the Christ-like character of "the Hon. and Rev. John Storm." And, indeed, as first presented to us, there seems very little harm in the young man; he is deeply, darkly and desperately in love with Glory Quayle, and a trifle fanatical in his proposed methods of accomplishing certain reforms, glaringly necessary, and which, despite the modern date of the story, no one but John Storm has apparently ever thought of attempting. But all young reformers are, to their own selves, first in their particular field, and invariably just a little fanatical; we could easily pardon these things. Glory, who has come up from the Isle of Man to serve as nurse in a hospital, we are required, at the expense of as great a tax upon our credulity as in the case of Mr. Hardy's Tess, to accept as a pure, innocent, and unsophisticated maiden; but although there are girls who, out of sheer innocence, do things quite as *risqué*, and associate with people quite as questionable as does Glory, they are not altogether of the same brand; Glory is not for a moment innocent at heart; and the sequel proves it.

Other characters of the story, together with the entire stage setting, impress us as if seen reflected in a convex mirror; there is a "Canon Wealthy," who (though wealthy and worldly clergymen abound never so unhappily) strikes us as an impossible sort of type; there is a monastery of the Anglican brand, stricter than any La Trappe, except in regard to the facility with which John Storm enters and leaves it; there are bad, bold, and fashionable men folks, and a herd of theatrical and other sinners, for whom Storm has a marked repulsion and Glory an equally marked affinity. Finally, having taken his "life-vows," John Storm goes utterly and totally insane; prophesies the judgment of God as about to fall on the modern Sodom, *à la* Savonarola, is arrested on the charge of inciting a breach of the peace, and thereby causing a murder; and the charge being fully sustained, he is married to Glory—for reason good and sufficient—and dies in the odour of sanctity, after refusing to give the names of the men who caused his death, murmuring, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Now we submit, with all deference, that while a conjunction of Old Testament characters and the New York *Herald* may not be out of reason, the conjunction of the life of Christ and the *Police News* is a great deal too strong; and in the second place that if Mr. Caine wishes to draw such a character as a would-be religious fanatic, insane for love of a woman, and such a woman as Glory Quayle, it is an insult to all Christendom to speak of him as a "Christ-like person," and to indicate by certain pseudo-resemblances, such as that above cited, an analogy which of a

* The Christian. A Novel. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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surety we should never have discovered for ourselves.

Undoubtedly Mr. Caine wrote his story with a moral purpose ; nor does the present writer belong to that school which would consider such a purpose as vitiating its claim to rank as a work of art. On the contrary, we consider that art without a moral purpose is no art at all, or at the best is of the grade of blue jars, tomatoes and carving knives—all very good things in their way no doubt. But to serve any purpose, moral or otherwise, art must be true ; the representation, even of a blue jar, must be correct. Mr. Hall Caine's drawing, however, is such as might be accomplished by a pocket kodak, held just a little off line ; his colouring reminds us of the toy books of our childhood, in which the red of the Princess Badroulboudour's dress was washed over Aladdin's nose, and Cinderella's slipper, by a halo of weaker blue, was enlarged to fit a Chicago girl. But these reflections are frivolous, while it is very serious indeed to have such a book to reckon with as *The Christian*, which, when all is said, has a sort of insane intensity and power that holds the reader's interest from first to last—and a very long last is more than five hundred pages !

Is it possible to show just where and how the book itself, not merely any or all of the characters, is insane ? Any reader will detect that John Storm is perfectly futile, that he takes up orphanages, working girls' clubs, and what not, and lays them down at Glory's bidding with as much readiness as the fellow in *Venice Preserved* plays dog and barks at his mistress's command. Is this the typical reformer ? Are such institutions managed by such men ? If so, then, indeed, good Lord deliver us ! As a matter of fact, however, despite the popular superstition that all reformers are cranks, the reverse is the truth ; and no reformer can hope to accomplish anything at all worth while until, as was said by somebody, his sympathy has ceased to be an emotion and become a motive. The very sanest and jolliest people whom the present writer knows are reformers ; the next jolliest are both reformers and monks.

But "The Society of the Holy Gethsemane" presents about the most flagrant instance in the story of what we mean by insanity. It is supposed to be under the Benedictine rule, and in the communion of the Church of England ; the "bishop" is the ecclesiastical visitor, and conducts himself in that capacity as surely no bishop ever did, whether in heaven, on the earth, or in places under the earth ; inasmuch as he says : "Whether I approve of your rule or not is a matter with which we have no concern at present ; my sole duty is to see that it is lawfully administered."

The strictness of this "rule" would be burdensome to a Trappist, for the members of the order are not only required to renounce all communication with those whom they loved "in the world," but are even forbidden to pray for them—a refinement of cruelty and a self-defeating ordinance impossible to a Torquemada. Furthermore, having no fear of the Kilkenny cats before his eyes, our author, after many other evidences of inveterate confusion of thought between the Churches of England and of Rome, actually represents the Honourable and Reverend John Storm as on the point, following what he supposed to be Glory's desire, of going out to take the place of Father Damien, taking Glory with him ; the mere idea of which, even minus the wife, would surely have caused that hero, saint and martyr to turn in his grave ! However, when the papers had all announced his departure Glory refused to go. And so did John !

Still, it is very difficult to prove a negative ; and, doubtless, the rules of our modern monasteries being entirely eclectic, it would be a possible thing for any community to elect to live under one such as is described in the text ; but even in Bunyan's time asceticism had had its teeth drawn and its nails pared ; and it would have no chance of survival at all at the present time in the Anglican Communion, except, as we find it, very decidedly modified by modern ideas.

It is a pity that Mr. Caine should have stultified by inaccuracy—which has the effect of ignorance—what should have been a great book ; but it is a greater pity to attempt to destroy vice by familiarising innocent readers with its features, or to present to them, as a champion of woman, and the modern equivalent of Christ, such a weak, futile, hysterical victim of Masochism as "the Hon. and Rev. John Storm."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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A NEW CROP OF DIALECT.*

We have long been resignedly aware that wickedness outvies goodness as literary material. We have had it dinned into our ears, too, that nothing is so lacking in picturesqueness as spick-span cleanliness. Zola's Clorinde was "dirty and untidy," we read, "but nevertheless she looked very beautiful, like some antique statue which is soiled by the dust of a broker's shop, but whose beauty is beyond the power of dirt to conceal." It now remains for some good American to prove that dialect, so far from being a blemish in a novel, is *per se* a thing of beauty, and better than the literary language cultivated by the masters, in that it puts a premium on ignorance and illiteracy, and extols the man o' the people to a pinnacle where he may exert his just influence.

Just what kind of influence this is, it would not be gracious precisely to state. Perhaps those who are stationed in the "central office," where, as over converging wires, the discordant messages of the dialect hunters die in the large and charitable air of no Volapük, are in a position best to know. I well remember the case of a certain reviewer, who, when a Scots tidal wave threatened to inundate our literature and even our stage, now lifting high on its plaid-flecked crest Julia Marlowe and anon splashing the green-and-gold portals of Daly's, gradually lost command of the mother tongue and adopted the lachrymose, skirling *patois* of Ian Maclaren's and Mr. Crockett's stories. To this day his friends believe that he was born in Scotland, and his kailyardish, thistledowny proclivities give indelible colour to this misapprehension. If it were only Scotch, the dialect which the genius of Burns immortalised, one might consume his own smoke like a good engine; but Scotch is the least part of it. For many years now with what varying delight have we not been obliged to listen to Bret Harte's miners, Mr. Cable's Creoles, Mr. Riley's Hoosiers, Miss Murfree's Tennessee mountain folk, Mr. Garland's Wisconsin farmers, Miss Wilkins's "rural maids in the North," and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's plantation fables. And latterly there have been Yiddish and Chimmie Fadden and Pink Marsh; and he who readeth the *Sun* finds that there is simply no limit to the elasticity of his dialectic horizon. On one wire Sheriff Tamsen enriches our literature thus: "Who say dot ding? Der wass no exgayib at all. He wass dischairgdt from der chail." On another wire some one expatiates: "What is ut keeps the childer home from th' parochial school wid their toes shtickin' outen th' holes in their little shoes? Whusky." Then Li Sing of Mott Street pipes up: "No sabe—you talkee flee slilvah. Too much dam bly-and-bly," in marked contrast with which is the leisurely communication of Ole Oleson from the far northwest: "I tell you hay bin vork hard vit skupe schkovel a schkovelin schmoke." From beneath this avalanche of consonants, one attunes his ear to the plaintive contribution of Ambrose Bierce's Little Johnny, who says: "Ime a Repubcan, and my father he is another one, jest like me, but Uncle Ned he is a Demcrat, cos the hethens in their blindnesses bows down to wooden stone, but Mister Pritchell he is a good man and preeches hel fier." Of course the chatter of these types is nothing now to what it will be—when they all begin to intermarry and produce other types. If Johnny or Chimmie should be spared to wed an Hungarian lady, or Ole should become enamoured of Miss Li Sing, or one of Mr. Cahan's Poles should seek the hand of a Bowery "loidy," will any one vouch for the consequences? Surely the American novelist has taken on himself a tremendous linguistic burden.

It is with no small degree of sympathy and self-commiseration, then, that amid this Babel of discord we turn our attention to a new voice from Hell-fer-Sartain (which "empties, as it oughter, of co'se, into Kingdom-Come") in the Cumberland mountains. The sketch which plays the title rôle in this volume is barely five pages long, and consists entirely of dialect. So do five of the sketches which follow. The remaining four are done in plain, direct English. Now it so happens that the ones that possess either a picturesque or a sufficiently subtle tragic interest are clothed in dialect, while all but one of the English sketches ("Through the Gap," a tense, suggestive piece of work) deal with individuals rather than types, and are painfully sad either in theme or in the

* Hell-fer-Sartain. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

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glimpses they afford of grim, sordid humanity. Hence it is doubly difficult to determine how largely Mr. Fox depends upon dialect for creating his effects—to what extent, in other words, his dialect is vitalising.

A writer in *Macmillan's*, in discussing the abuse of dialect, has observed that Burns's power lay in his clear vision and genial sympathy, not in the use of a particular vocabulary. Scott's elisions and contractions are either melodious (*na* for *not*, and *pu'd* for *pulled*) or as normal as in Latin verse. Wordsworth did not speak the language of the Cumbrian folk ; and Charles Lamb confided to John Clare that he was sometimes startled by the provincial phrases in some of the latter's story-telling ballads. "I think you are too profuse with them," he said. From the citation of many examples it is intimated that a genius here and there has been smothered under the speech he used ; and one or two principles are enunciated which may be profitably applied to such a writer as Mr. Fox :

"A dialect literature cultivated for its own sake inevitably tends downward to the utterly provincial or parochial."

And again, granting that we "think in words,"

"When a thought has been born in dialect, dialect is appropriate for its expression. . . . But as no true artist paints everything he sees, no discriminating writer repeats literally everything he hears."

Mr. Fox has shown that he is capable of avoiding the pitfalls here mentioned. While "A Cumberland Vendetta" is blindingly illiterate, "A Mountain Europa," truly the best thing he has written, is not. Even the sketches of the present volume are so far toned down from their native ruggedness as to be gratefully intelligible. It is probable that the Cumberland mountaineer would ask : "Got ary merlasses ?" To which the storekeeper would reply : "Yes, thur's a bar'l out yan in th' back room. Hit taken me a week ter make." Suffice it to say that this is not the manner in which Mr. Fox's characters converse. He does not "repeat everything he hears," nor cultivate dialect literature primarily for its own sake. Nevertheless, a long novel bristling even with the chastened dialect of Mr. Fox, in which the hero and heroine should flounder through successive swirls of their own obscurity, speaking a language we have never heard and, for the time being, throwing into disuse our noble English, would have the specific gravity of Mark Twain's jumping frog—the one that was incommoded in its movements by having swallowed a handful of quail shot. Happily, *The Kentuckians*, now running in *Harper's*, appears to be modelled after "A Mountain Europa" rather than "A Cumberland Vendetta."

Beneath the rough exterior of Mr. Fox's tales there is much penetration and a strong sense of reality. His mountaineers have something elemental in them which makes them interesting despite their strangeness. This, it seems to me, is the true test. When curiosity is sated, we want to feel the impact of a common humanity. There are only a few motives that can appeal to the universal heart. Omar listed them—Fate, Doubt, Roses, Love, Wine. Where Mr. Fox grapples with any of these, though his wine should be "moonshine," he has no infirm touch. With each new story from the hills the question arises, how much pulsating life is there enswathed in the local colour? Is there a clam in the fritter? It is easily possible for the fritter to predominate to the entire exclusion of the clam.

George Merriam Hyde.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

It is a sad thing that the critic cannot sometimes strip his mind of things unconsciously borrowed—peel off some of the vestural tissue that Herr Teufelsdröckh talks so much about—and lay bare his literary infidelities. In religious and political matters, this peeling process is too much to expect, for who shall say how much another man's soul needs to keep it warm, or blame him for snatching the first decent covering he can get? If he waited for a perfect spiritual or political fit, the poor creature might never be dressed at all—or at best stalk about in outlandish homespun creeds—mere variations of aborig-

* The French Revolution and English Literature. By Edward Dowden, LL.D. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25, net.

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inal fetichism. But in matters of taste, in the licensed anarchy of literature, where no man is persecuted for his preferences, where, in fact, individualism is at a premium, there is something pathetic in the way this imitativeness dominates us. It is humiliating to think we take even our tastes at second hand, and that when once told by one having authority that a given author should produce certain effects upon us, we develop all the predicted literary symptoms as faithfully as a hysterical patient who has taken a bread pill.

Crabbe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, and Burns are among the authors discussed in Professor Dowden's *French Revolution and English Literature*, and about whom (Heaven help him !) he tries to say something new. It is a heroic attempt, and the spirit of it is fine, if somewhat over-confident, for of these poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Burns at least are mere idols, before whom we bow and cross ourselves and mutter literary formulas. The others are classified, stuck through with pins, scientifically named, and that is the end of them. The language we use about them all has long since crystallised into set phrases, and criticism has become an involuntary liturgy. With heads benumbed by the din of imitative praise, we read things into them, but never read them.

When some one comes along and unties those neatly labelled little packages in which industrious classifiers have done up our "standard" writers, we are a trifle annoyed by the disturbance. Professor Dowden, however, does them no harm. He leaves them just as they were, a little the better, perhaps, for that kind of praise which does not cheapen, because it is genuine. Moreover, his object is neither to rhapsodise nor to classify, but to show the effects of French revolutionary thought on contemporary English writers. The antics of reformers who believe in social regeneration by means of phrases, and who monotonously repeat the word "simplification" as a sort of incantation against every kind of evil, are described in an amusing way. Across the Channel the quick translation of metaphysical theorems into practice was tragic enough, but in England, where there was sufficient good, hard sense to prevent such wholesale experiments, the incipient Robespierres are more diverting than deadly. A good specimen of these comical British Jacobins was Mr. Thomas Day, "a worthy eighteenth-century Briton, essentially prosaic, though much out of the common in the degree of his benevolence and generosity ; and the burning rays from Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloise*, *Contrat Social*, and *Émile* fell direct upon his British brain." Professor Dowden goes on to summarise the results very delightfully. Resolving to cultivate the life of simplicity, he began by discarding the use of the comb and brush. Next he sought a wife, but in this his views about hair were an obstacle, although he himself was very moderate in his requirements, placing no value on feminine accomplishments or good looks, and owning but one weakness—namely, a liking for large, white arms. Having broken with one lady on the comb question, he adopted a very safe and logical plan. He took two girls from a foundling asylum and brought them up himself, with a view to choosing as his wife that one of them who showed herself the more thoroughly versed in the knowledge of Nature and Rousseau. But one turned out dull and the other unworthy of his teaching, having shown agitation when to give her hardihood he fired pistols at her petticoats or dropped melted sealing-wax on her arms. Nevertheless he remained true to Rousseau, and in the end gave his life for a principle. "He observed that horses suffer much in the breaking, and decided for himself to apply the pedagogic principles of Rousseau to equine training ; the author of *Sandford and Merton* was thrown on his head and received a fatal concussion of the brain."

A better analysis of Godwin's work and influence than that given in Professor Dowden's chapter on the "Theorists of Revolution" would be hard to find. He is a disagreeable old person, this frigid philosopher, and it is pleasant to have him dragged from his grave and put on trial again. And the study of Godwin is the study of the time itself. "The fallacies as well as the truths of *Political Justice* belong less to the individual writer than to the extraordinary epoch in the world's history in which he lived and moved." His view of mankind as "a mass of incarnate syllogisms" contrasts well in the author's

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hands with Burke's healthy recognition of the intricacy of life as it really is. To Burke Professor Dowden offers up a chapter packed solid with praises, but his admiration is not of the hypnotised sort. It is spontaneous, and hence contagious.

As this book of Profesor Dowden's is limited to the specific object of showing the effects of the revolutionary philosophy on English literature, and as these effects are more or less clear to every one who has read the works of the writers he discusses, it is perhaps unfair to complain of a lack of novelty in his chapters on the old familiar writers. It is no reflection on a man's sincerity that he happens to take the obvious and usual views, and to fall into the obvious and usual manner of expression. Only there are so many books just exactly like other books, and of all people on the face of the earth, the adult American is the least blameworthy for being a bit *blasé*. Our adaptive fellow-countrymen are always interesting except when they write. Then they go off like so many hand-organs reiterating the well-known. Books and reviews give the impression of a patchwork of unconscious quotations. Here and there an American writer gives us his own impressions in his own way, but we could count these on our fingers and possibly on our thumbs. An admired poet of the Connecticut Valley, singing somewhat neurotically, declares that she likes a look of agony because she knows it is real. It is a bloodthirsty sentiment, but excusable. She had tried to see things through the medium of American literary description. It is the same spirit of weariness that drives us to the pages of the "degenerates," for which we are unjustly abused, because apparently the only active brains are those which are diseased. We feel that any actual sensation is better than none, and prefer to shudder through disagreeable pages than stare at blank ones. Such, for instance, is the secret of our interest in a play like Ibsen's *Ghosts*, probably the most unpleasant compo sition ever written. It is the study of a gradually developing inherited brain disease, but the genius of the author holds you fast, and you read every line of the revolting drama down to the last yell of the full-fledged maniac on the final page. Neurotic prose and paranoiac poetry and the minute scrutiny of the disagreeable are merely the resort of a pardonable ennui, a callousness from contact with the commonplace. Of course it would be pleasanter if talent chose more cheerful paths. We do not really prefer to linger in gutters or hospitals or traverse ten chapters in company with a drunken heroine, but a real writer somehow gets a grip on us, and we cannot leave him. Genuine art has its fascination, even if its origin is pathological and its subject-matter repulsive, not altogether an evil fascination either, for there is a morality in mere good workmanship, while the most virtuous botchwork makes no proselytes to goodness. So we go on reading the works of our decadents up to the last moment when the doors of the sanitarium close behind them, and we would urge that it is not our native depravity that makes us do it, but the unfortunate fact that these men have a certain monopoly of power.

All this is digressive except as an apology for a lack of interest in a new and very praiseworthy book on a praiseworthy topic. It all resolves itself into a feeling of disappointment in its contents, because they do not happen to show the stamp of genius. One little drop of originality undefiled by unwholesomeness would trickle so gratefully down our parched throats. And what a kingdom some unborn critic has waiting for him! Let some real interpreter of literary art come along in this day of critical log-rolling, and he will find the world at his feet, but he will be a real critic, not a Baedeker of classic beauties, telling us to mark the pathos of this phrase, or the genius that animated the poet's mind in the selection of that particular order of words. He will not, for instance, be like our modern contributors to "Shakespeariana," cheapening what is most dear, trampling down the grass in pleasant places; for we are growing tired of taking a cicerone with us when we go for a stroll in our own pastures. When a man throws himself in between us and the books we like, analyses and describes them, tells us what emotions we should have, and ascertains the literary paternity of our author's phrases, we have a right to feel a grudge against him if he is not a genius. Even so modest a book as Professor Dowden's, and one

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so limited in scope, arouses a little of this antagonism. He has saturated himself with the works of his authors. He proves what he sets out to prove, and he writes agreeably enough. But he is not a great critic, and till the great critic comes, we are better occupied, after all, in reading real books instead of books about books. So the author of *The French Revolution and English Literature* should forgive an American reviewer who ventures mildly to complain that the estimates of Shelley, Byron, Burns, Wordsworth, and Coleridge do not give him the thrill of novelty. It is a gentle impeachment, and merely implies that Professor Dowden's writing has neither the charm of genius nor the fascination of an unsound mind, and that one or the other of these qualities (which he is much happier for being without) is wickedly demanded in these days of voluminous commonplace, especially if one starts to say anything about Shelley, Byron, Burns, *et al.* Yet the complaint seems unfair, when it is remembered that the book is a collection of lectures, delivered originally for pedagogic purposes, and repeated on the occasion of the Princeton Sesqui-centennial. As a series of little studies they are agreeable and instructive, especially for rather young people. It is ill-tempered to find fault with them because they do not happen to meet fantastic requirements. The excuse for this ill-temper is, as has been urged before, that these are the days of literary inflation, the era of identical literature as posterity will term it, and the American muse, like the American factory, is remarkable for its enormous output and the uniformity of its products.

Frank Moore Colby.

BURNS'S DEBT TO HIS POETIC FORBEARS.*

What did Burns really owe to the predecessors from whom he openly borrowed much, at whose "flame" (mentioning specifically Ramsay and Fergusson) he acknowledged frankly that he "kindled"? The question is one that should hardly need to be put at this time of day, when criticism has reached a fairly sane estimate of the value —intellectual and ethical—of "loans" in literature, whether of matter or of form. But it has been seriously raised in the Centenary Burns, and as the editors' defective answer to it, announced in their first volume as a "theory" which it was their object to "emphasise," has been reiterated with a trifle of violence in the third volume recently issued, it is well to thresh the subject out at once. The main interest of this third volume, indeed, lies in the restatement of the theory, and in the efforts made in the annotations to supplement the insufficient proof of its validity offered in volumes I. and II. Messrs. Henley and Henderson, then, repeat their argument that, "genius apart," Burns was "*ultimus Scotorum*, the last expression of the old Scots world;" and declare that if it erred, it was not by excess. They proceed to amplify their theory (Vol. I.) that he was "the heir to a flourishing tradition," "the outcome of an environment;" that he "derives from a numerous ancestry," and "is partly an effect of local and peculiar conditions, and partly the product of immediate and remote forbears." These phrases are of course innocent enough in themselves; what they predicate might be predicated of any poet; only, few professional critics would condescend so to hammer the obvious. They are objectionable, in this instance, because they are applied to Burns for a purpose aforethought. In the first volume of the Centenary edition, the theory of Burns's indebtedness to his "ancestry" was propounded as an avowed and deliberate assault on a counter-theory that Burns was "the founder of a dynasty," and also upon another theory of straw, namely that he was an "unnatural birth of poesy and time." It has been said that the theory is reiterated here with violence. It is really only the language that is violent, although in its expanded form the depreciation of Burns which the theory aims at is aggravated; but the attack on the counter-theory is dropped. Messrs. Henley and Henderson do not repeat in set terms their denial that Burns was "the founder of a dynasty." On the other hand, stricken apparently by the obloquy which their affected gibes against the poet's parochialisms had drawn

* The Centenary Burns. Edited by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson. Vol. III. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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down upon them, they hasten to atone for their fault by elevating Burns to the pedestal of "sole great poet of the old Scots world," although a strict regard for—shall we say justice?—compels them to qualify the eulogy with "those forbears aiding," and a regard for—shall we say consistency?—prompted them still to limit Burns's pre-eminence to "the *old Scots* world."

What is the true theory of Burns's relation to his predecessors and of his place in the poetic hierarchy? He did undoubtedly "derive from a numerous ancestry." He was undoubtedly "partly an effect of local and peculiar conditions, and partly the product of immediate and remote forbears." These are trite and otiose sayings. They are of no value unless as against the theory of straw which makes him "the unnatural birth of poesy and time." Burns borrowed manner, metre, and matter from his Scotch predecessors. The facts, properly stated, without bias, are admitted by everybody everywhere. Much of his song-writing was emendation and reconstruction of familiar Scottish songs; he himself gloried in the fact, and considered it not the least of his services to his race. He purified his country's treasury of song, and made polished jewels out of the rough stones quarried by the hundred forgotten singers who, as Messrs. Henley and Henderson put it, "went to the making of his achievement and himself." Granted that he was not an inventor of new metres; that the four-accent couplet of "The Twa Dogs" and "Tam o' Shanter" had been employed by the Scottish school, and borrowed by it possibly from the "Romaunt of the Rose;" that Fergusson supplied Burns with the stanza of the "Holy Fair" as well as furnishing him with actual models of substance and form in his "Hallow Fair" and "Leith Races." Granted that Burns's realism was a legacy to him from the Scottish school, that, apart from the native bent, he was stimulated to write of that which he saw in the little world about him by the example of his Scottish forbears, from the author of "The King's Quair" downward. Granted that he was the "last of the Scots" in this sense that he crowned the achievements of the Scottish school, beat all the scholars at their own game, and is rightly classed among them, albeit he is the sole occupant of the sixth form and none of his mates rise above the fourth. Yet it is more true to say of him that he was a pioneer, and that by genius and craftsmanship alike he is more closely related to those who came after him than to any of his forbears. Let us look at the point of his taking off from the family-tree of the Scottish school. Compare his "Hallowe'en" and "Holy Fair" with Fergusson's "Hallow Fair" and "Leith Races." The imitation is fully admitted. But what a gulf between the purely "external," aloof, descriptive, unimpassioned comedy of Fergusson's "Leith Races" and Burns's powerful satire, in "Holy Fair," upon the falsehood in religious thought and action that insults reason and corrupts conduct. "Hallow Fair," compared with "Hallowe'en," is as unsympathetic as a photograph. Burns has brought a new thing into the Scottish school, namely, heart, sympathy, humanity—the contribution of an artist and a great man. Burns saw the universal in the particular. That faculty ranks him with the greatest writers of the world; it differentiates him from his forbears of the Scottish school. Take his supreme original creation, "The Jolly Beggars," in connection with which Messrs. Henley and Henderson have made their chief failure to square facts with their hypothesis, interesting as the result of their grubbing for "origins" is. Take their own collation of it with the scene in "Auerbach's Cellar":—"With a superb intelligence the Scot created his people from within, while the German's apprehension of his company is merely intellectual and pedantic." Was it worth while, in face of the convincing genius of Burns, of his admitted influence in the poetic revival of the nineteenth century, of the strong bias he gave to Wordsworth and Byron by his force, fire and truly classic form, and by the example of his success in dealing with the materials he found in himself and the actual life around him—was it worth while to attempt to ventilate Burns's derivation from his "forbears"? Surely not; much less was it worth while to insist, with a show of authority, that he was "not the founder of a dynasty," but "the last expression of the old Scots world." The theory seems, indeed, merely absurd to such as know what Dunbar, the Semples, Ham-

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ilton, Ramsay, and Fergusson were capable of, and who know the real value of the Scottish *corpus poeticum*. Its iteration depreciates the work of Messrs. Henley and Henderson considerably in the estimation of serious Burns students. Yet their pursuit of the "origins" of Burns has resulted in the collation and discovery of a number of interesting facts, which in themselves are invaluable aids to criticism. In the third volume of the Centenary edition they present, along with some things that are irrelevant, a good deal of evidence, not hitherto available to the general reader, throwing light upon Burns's process of song manufacture. But a candid reader of their body of annotations cannot but rise from the perusal with the conviction not only that Messrs. Henley and Henderson have failed to prove that "much of the thought, the romance, and the sentiment for which we read and love him [in his songs] were included in the estate which he inherited from his nameless forbears," but that they would have made out a better case on behalf of exactly the opposite contention.

William Wallace.

PROFESSOR RAMSAY'S "IMPRESSIONS OF TURKEY."*

The study of politics was no part of Professor Ramsay's purpose during his wanderings in Turkey and Asia Minor. He is an archæologist with one strong ambition, "to understand the old history of the country which has always been the battle-field between the Oriental and the Western spirit." His first object was to find unknown monuments; but, as he says, "the practical problem of discovery in Asia Minor always presents itself as a study in human nature." To find the monuments you must gain the good-will of the people; to gain their good-will you must deal intelligently with them. The intelligence does not come without watchful observation; and you cannot treat them by invariable rule, for the races and race characteristics are many and diverse. A successful archæologist in Turkish lands, then, is learned in Turkish human nature and in racial and local divergencies; and his observations on the modern condition of the country where he has travelled are worth listening to by politicians. We are the more willing to accept Professor Ramsay's impressions as the truth, because of his excellent candour. He refers you, in most respectful terms, to the evidence of such as think differently both on archæological questions and on politics; he holds his own opinions strongly, but insists on the complexity of the problems, and the limitations of a sojourner's opportunities.

The most fascinating portion of his book, the history of the continuous struggle in Asiatic Turkey between East and West, has of necessity to be brief. This struggle is seen in the Trojan war, in the strife of Xerxes with the Greeks, Europe triumphing splendidly under Alexander the Great, organising its triumphs under the Roman Empire, and spreading them subtly by the Christian religion. Meanwhile the Oriental spirit did not die, but influenced its conquerors, revived under the Byzantine Empire, and steadily grew in power, till at last the Turk reigned in the city of Constantine. Then for centuries it was supreme; but the old enmity has been surging up, and everywhere the Greek element is strengthening. "The Asiatic Greeks have the future in their hands," says this observer, and he adds that the Turks acquiesce. As to the recent revival of Mohammedan feeling, he believes it to be artificial and almost wholly engineered from the palace, and by "that remarkable man, the present Sultan," the Mithridates of the century. It is one of the many independent observations of the book, inviting useful controversy, that the "Turks are not a deeply religious race," and that the fanatical crusade against Christians is mainly artificial—that the Sultan alone is sincere. The conduct of the Powers, and the zealous help of Germany, have aided him magnificently; but Professor Ramsay's experience leads him to believe that there are irresistible forces waging against him in the west and centre of Asia Minor, and that even in the east the Oriental spirit is doomed. "The tide of Western ideas and Western thoughts is flowing and strong; eight

* Impressions of Turkey during Twelve Years' Wanderings. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

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centuries of strict and stern repression are behind it and drive it onward." The victory is not for the immediate future ; the Oriental revival is directed, he considers, not impartially, but against the intelligent, the orderly, the moderate in Western civilisation. These elements, at least among the Armenians, are being exterminated, with the help of Europe.

His brief survey of the long struggle opens up a vast field for investigation and thought ; but perhaps his notes on the different races in Asia Minor are more useful, and newer to many of us. "The interlacing and alternation of separate and unblending races" is the feature he most insists on. "Christian and Moslem" is a crude, misleading distinction. The Turk hates the Mohammedan Circassian more than he does the Greek. It is not mere information Professor Ramsay gives ; he asks questions, too : whether the Turks are not merely settled Turkomans, those spirited, hospitable nomads, those utter barbarians, to whom must be given the chief credit for the destruction of Roman civilisation ; and whether the fierce Kurd is not merely the Mohammedan Armenian. The unpopular, mean-spirited, crafty, inhospitable Armenian is, he believes, only the product of a persecution which is very, very old ; the free Armenians cling desperately to their freedom, are haughty and spirited, as the story of the Zeitunli proves. And though a wanderer in Turkey will prefer, as a rule, to deal with Turks, Professor Ramsay puts a limit to this preference. The Turk is a good fellow, but stupid according to every Western test. Educated he becomes unpleasant. The moral discipline of intellect is always a possibility to the Armenian, the finer specimens of whom rise immeasurably higher. He is probably more in general agreement in his judgments on the Armenians than on the Greeks ; but here, as in every judgment on human nature, Professor Ramsay convinces us by his unexaggerated recitals of experiences, by his admissions, that his opinions are both first-hand and trustworthy.

"The instinct to trade and to haggle and to extort is just as real in the Turk as in the Greek ; but in the former it is often dormant, owing quite as much to pure ignorance as to real generosity. I have experienced, proportionately, at least as much kindness and generosity and hospitality among Greek villages as among Turks ; but, as it happens, I have stayed at a hundred times as many Turkish villages as at Greek."

The cultivated Greeks, too, he has found lavishly generous and helpful to any archæologist who takes the trouble to be genial. But neither Greeks nor Turks have the making of a strong nation by themselves. "In union and amalgamation of the races lie the hope of Asia Minor." There is the "bar of religion ;" but the "example of the third century shows that the bar is not indestructible."

It is impossible even to suggest all the interesting points of Professor Ramsay's travel experiences, or the new questions suggested in archæology, ethnology, history and politics. One of these, perhaps, he will investigate and develop at some later day—the question of the possible existence of a Jewish aristocracy in the Eastern Roman Empire. We can only assure readers that no more attractive and no more independent book has been written about the troubled Turkish countries. We should also like to mention a little detail of arrangement in which the writer ought to find many imitators : his systematic references to the pages of his book where kindred subjects are dealt with.

A SON OF THE OLD DOMINION.*

A Son of the Old Dominion is a blend of an old-fashioned love-story and an historical study. And when it has been said that the history sometimes gets the better of the romance, the work has received as harsh a criticism as it merits.

There have been several ambitious attempts of late to write the great American novel. But the great American novel is like the sea-serpent, an unrealised monster which is discovered about once every six months, and is never seen by more than three people at a time. Those who are enamoured of New England local history professed to find it in *King Noanett*, Mr. Stimson's laborious compilation ; but I fear we can hardly award so great an honour to that monument of diligence. Perfection in art is

* A Son of the Old Dominion. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Boston : Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

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so difficult, and success so delicate a matter, that the least unhappy touch or trend, the least fault in aim, may mar a noble undertaking. Even a too great care, a too strenuous endeavour may spoil everything, by giving us a sense of strain, rather than of strength ; the artist may be warped by the very force of his determination to accomplish great things ; and his own air of set purpose steals into the work under his hand, and all unknown to him robs it of that fine flavour of inevitable and unconscious charm.

Both *King Noanett* and *A Son of the Old Dominion* show the loving and scrupulous pains that have been lavished upon them. As pictures of colonial times, they are not easily to be surpassed ; as pieces of fiction they would have gained in freedom, in effectiveness, in beauty if their authors had been a little less familiar with their subject, and a little less impressed with the importance of endeavour. In affairs, to try hard enough is to succeed ; but in art, to try too hard is certainly to fail. Both these recent historical novels are examples of the danger I mean. So bulky a work as *King Noanett* may very well seem to its author his most considerable contribution to the difficult art of story-telling, yet a cool judgment can hardly give it a place beside *Guerndale* or Mr. Stimson's short stories ; nor will *A Son of the Old Dominion* bear comparison, as an artistic achievement, with Mrs. Burton Harrison's slighter society sketches.

Our conscientious school of realism has taught us, by dint of much example, the importance of details and the value of common life ; but as we recede from contemporary subjects, the details become of less and less importance, the every-day life becomes more and more tedious ; the human action alone holds the place of exclusive interest. Shakespeare is full of glaring historical inaccuracies, absurd anachronisms, and ridiculous local colour ; and it does not matter in the least that he is so.

So that while the highest praise is due Mr. Stimson and Mrs. Harrison for their last books, that recognition is due to their labour in the field of historical research rather than in the realm of original creation.

A Son of the Old Dominion is well constructed, well written, simple and straightforward in sentiment ; it has love, romance, war, intrigue, politics, patriotism, two heroes, two heroines, a heavy villain, a leading old lady, a leading old gentleman, a changeling heir to an English title, a naughty but penitent old nurse, Indian massacres, a crazy old woman who lives all alone in the wilderness, a desperate fight in a stockade, stolen papers, a foot-race, riding to hounds, daring feat of a young girl under the eyes of painted savages, General George Washington — in short, everything that a good, stirring, married-and-were-happy-ever-after-with-destruction-to-the-villain romance should possess.

It has only one fault : there are too many words in it. It is too accurate in its atmosphere ; the tedious elaboration of the eighteenth century has been reproduced for us too faithfully. At least this will be so for the average reader, who desires rapidity in his tales before all else. To the more careful and deliberate student of letters and times the book will appeal as an interesting experiment in the manner of a hundred years ago, reviving for us the very life of those colonial days, which were at once so exciting to the senses, so soporific to the mind. Both these qualities of a bygone age Mrs. Harrison has reproduced with a charming faithfulness, so that, turning its leisurely pages of a summer afternoon, one hardly knows whether to be aroused by its adventurous plot and stirring incidents, or to fall asleep over the interminable prolixities of its style.

Bliss Carman.

SCHOPENHAUER ON HUMAN NATURE.*

Schopenhauer was nearly always dealing with human nature, and as a living, suffering organism, too, not merely as a subject for anatomical study. That has given him his philosophical influence, and not feats in logic or intellectual subtlety. The essays translated here are no rigid summary of his views ; they only contain scraps of them. On the whole they seem more insubstantial,

* On Human Nature. Essays (partly posthumous) on Ethics and Politics. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and translated by T. Bailey Saunders. New York : The Macmillan Co. 90 cts.

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more in want of a commentator of full knowledge, than those former volumes for which we are so much indebted to Mr. Bailey Saunders. But their subjects touch human concerns even more nearly, and they illustrate at least the sage's fitful methods, the sudden darkening and lightening of his vision of life. Schopenhauer is read because he vivified his philosophical investigations by a poet's sense of the tragedy of existence. But it was in life itself he sharpened this sense, and if in the sharpening process he became wonderfully shrewd, he was often chafed and irritated. His melancholy wisdom and his temper need disentangling sometimes.

His themes here are, that fate in prenatal times weaves a man's character; that character is all-important, intellect only presenting motives to the will; that man's instincts are primarily bad and cruel and selfish; but that by extending this very selfish instinct, and by identifying other persons' interests with his, and seeing his own likeness in the rest of the race, the altruism is born which makes for good. Here is the brief summary of an old theme of his.

"The source of *good* and of *bad character*, so far as we have any real knowledge of it, lies in this, that with the bad character the thoughts of the external world, and especially of the living creatures in it, is accompanied—all the more, the greater the resemblance between them and the individual self—by a constant feeling of *Not I, not I, not I*. Contrarily, with the good character (both being assumed to exist in a high degree) the same thought has for its accompaniment, like a fundamental bass, a constant feeling of *I, I, I*."

His explanation of the meaning of perfect love and sacrifice leaves a great gap; but these essays are less essays than notes, and do not pretend to completeness.

He meets the question that, since a man's "moral character" remains absolutely the same throughout life. . . . What is the meaning of life at all? with

"It is played that a man may come to understand himself, that he may see what it is that he seeks and has sought to be; what he wants, and what, therefore, he is. This is a knowledge which must be imparted to him from without. . . . Life is the manifestation of character. . . . Life is the proof-sheet, in which the compositors' errors are brought to light."

That a man should work his capacities out to the full, since he cannot alter his character; and that conduct, not thinking, is everything in life, may be an erroneous, but it is not a slack-jointed attitude to existence.

On political government there are pithy, if not very original sayings, his point of view being, of course, a highly individual and aristocratic one. He regards the opinion that the "State is the supreme end and flower of human existence" as the "apotheosis of Philistinism;" that "ideal constitutions remain an asymptote . . . and resemble the stones of a mosaic rather than the delicate shading in a picture;" that if the freedom of the press be a safety-valve, it may also be "regarded as a permission to sell poison," and "should be governed by a very strict prohibition of all and every incongruity."

His snappy utterances may be endured patiently: for he usually contradicts them. As usual he has a fling at modesty, "a virtue invented on behalf of dull and commonplace people." One might translate modesty into a living sense of the ideal before which one's efforts are seen in due proportion; and that no dull and commonplace person can cherish; but he supplies something like a defence himself in his praise of the kindred virtue of poverty of spirit. Personal irritation fed this attack, as it did the other one on America, which he characterises as "a union of stupid Anglican bigotry, foolish prejudice, coarse brutality, and a childish veneration of women." These are trivial. What is not trivial, and what is mischievous in connection with his other teaching, is his reiterated denial of the influence of reason on moral sentiments. Kant was at least much nearer the truth; and Schopenhauer's upholding of his opinion by saying that many clever men are rogues, is commonplace and feeble. His mistake lies in limiting the meaning of reason to something the slow counsel of which can be distinctly and intellectually traced by each man endowed with it. The "better consciousness" he speaks of is reason in one of its most ordinary manifestations. But these few extracts bearing on a weighty subject are not a fair basis for a full discussion of the subject.

Of his profound, if fitful insight into human nature, the book shows several striking examples; two may be pointed out as beacons to the inquiring reader. One will appeal to and test his knowledge of the world—can he deny it?—that

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"right is of a nature analogous to that of certain chemical substances, which cannot be exhibited in a pure and isolated condition, but at the most only with a small admixture of some other substance, which serves as a vehicle for them, or gives them the necessary consistency. . . . Birthright of every description, all heritable privileges, every form of national religion, and so on, may be regarded as the necessary chemical base or alloy; inasmuch as it is only when right has some such firm and actual foundation that it can be enforced and consistently indicated."

Another suggestive passage that stands out in our memory, is his declaration of the eternal kinship between genius and sanctity.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S "THE WAYS OF LIFE" AND ITS MORAL.*

The Ways of Life consists of two stories, the first of which I remember reading long ago in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The second I have also read, but I do not know where. A preface—and Mrs. Oliphant's old readers used to look eagerly for her rare prefaces—lashes the two together. It is entitled "On the Ebb Tide," and treats of that significant and unforgettable moment which comes to us all if we live long enough and are not hopelessly stupefied by self-conceit—the moment when we recognise that we are going down hill, that the best of life and life's achievement is past for us, and that we must reconcile ourselves to new conditions of existence.

The first of the stories—"Mr. Sandford"—is about an artist of great popularity, who comes at the age of sixty to the sudden discovery that his vogue is gone. He has been very prosperous. Married early to a charming girl, he has quickly emerged from obscurity and has enjoyed a large income, a pleasant house, and an established reputation for many years. His family is all that can be desired—saving only that the members earn no money. Yet he has not been seriously disquieted until a day comes when the picture-dealer who has done most of his business tells him that his pictures can no longer be sold. Then he sees the end straight before him. He has saved no money. It is true that he has insured his children for £1000 apiece. He has been living up to his income, and now the income has gone. It is not a case for retrenchment. No income remains to him. It is a case for death. If he dies his widow will have a pension, and there will be the insurance money for the children. It is best he should die, and he does die—happily through no direct action of his own.

In the second story—"Mr. Robert Dalyell"—we are told of a prosperous Scottish gentleman who has gone into speculation and lost heavily. He is well insured, and reflects that the best thing that can happen is that he should die, or seem to die, and let the insurances come to his family. He does not kill himself, but contrives that it shall be believed that he is dead. The insurances come to his family in due course; in less than two years his widow is engaged to his confidential friend; and he reappears on the scene only to disappear from it finally and quickly.

In her preface Mrs. Oliphant was obviously thinking of the case of an author who suddenly discovers that his day is done. The case is common and sad; it will one day become commoner and sadder. The novelist who counted his sale by tens of thousands suddenly discovers that his readers have gone after other writers; that he does not sell by thousands; that his prices have dropped beyond hope of revival. I have been told by the man who knows best that ten years is nowadays all that a novelist can expect of great popularity, and I believe it. It is a hard case, but I am inclined to think, not quite so hard as Mrs. Oliphant made it. It seems to me impossible that an artist's income should drop at once from thousands a year to just nothing at all. The decline would be gradual. Grant that the discerning public will no longer pay the full price, there are plenty who will pay something for the work of an eminent artist. Besides, how could Mr. Sandford comfort himself about the insurances when, according to Mrs. Oliphant, he had nothing left wherewith to pay premiums? I have myself witnessed at close quarters the decline of novelists. It is not a sudden thing. It begins invariably with books. I know one novelist who had once an immense vogue. His books now bring in only $1000 or $1500. But his is still a good name to flourish on magazine covers, and his serial prices

* The Ways of Life. Two Stories. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

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have very little diminished. They will diminish, but he is prepared for this. He has saved something from the days of his prosperity; he is no longer a young man; his life is insured; and he looks forward with a reasonable equanimity, though not blind to facts. Mr. Sandford's course would have been more like his than like the sudden collapse Mrs. Oliphant described for us. Yet the reality is sad enough—tragic even.

Some precautions might stave off the evil day. I see more and more clearly that novelists as a rule kill themselves by over-production. One book a year is the maximum that a prominent writer will allow himself. Two or three books a year soon wear out an author's welcome. He is almost certain to make a failure in the course of such rapid production, and a failure is not forgiven. However well he may write afterward, he does not retrieve his ground. To every budding genius I should say, "Be content with few engagements; publish nothing that is not the very best you can write; do not scatter your books over all the publishers; be reserved, careful, conscientious, and your reward will come." But few of our new writers take such advice. They begin, let us say, at thirty By forty they have produced as many books as Sir Walter Scott. The public is sick of them, and they have thirty or forty years before them, for as a rule they are athletic, take much exercise, cannot smoke, and go blind early. Their outlook is dreary enough.

Claudius Clear.

OLD TIMES IN GEORGIA.*

That legislator who sprang to his feet to submit, "Resolved that there shall be a Southern literature," probably little realised the dimensions of the bright thought that had struck him. According to a recent press despatch from Madison, Ga., a certain judge of that town is accustomed to pronounce the following marriage service:

"By the authority vested in me as an officer of the State of Georgia, which is sometimes called the Empire State of the South; by the fields of cotton that spread about in snowy whiteness around us; by the howl of the coon dog and the gourd vine whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling-place; by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the heavens and earth in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

There is something glorious and succulent about this which perhaps illustrates, better than could any brief extract from either of the two books before us, the distinctive quality of Georgian literature.

Judge Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* and Colonel Johnston's *Old Times in Middle Georgia*, the one romantic and retrospective and the other a reprint after sixty years of what the writer proudly termed his "fanciful *combinations* of *real* incidents and characters," present a contrast at nearly every point. The former reflects American humour writ large and crass, while it marks the beginnings of realism in our country as truly as *Robinson Crusoe* and Thomas Nashe's *Jack Wilton* do those of British realism. The latter has the delicate aroma of old-fashioned roses, and must be classified with the blithe, ready-made fiction of but the day before yesterday (yet how distant!), wherein the raconteur aimed above all else to tell a "good story," the happy ending of which should be teasingly delayed till bright young eyes asked wistfully who married whom.

Georgia Scenes impresses one with the wide range of its topics and the multifariousness of its sins of omission. While one should be devoutly grateful for what the *bon Dieu* provides, especially since it proved to be pabulum for the multitude a half century ago, it is with unspeakable fury that I note the writer's insistent cultivation of Addisonian persiflage, his still hunt after eccentricities and tantalising determination to draw no authentic portrait of a man or woman in the olden time. We have a horse-swap and a shooting-match; we have a gander-pulling, in which one sees almost too vividly the well-greased neck of the oscillating, wailing creature yanked in two by some one riding full tilt around the ring; we have a fight, during which two men, whose wives in a quarrel over the calico counter have called each other respectively an "im-

* Georgia Scenes. By a Native Georgian. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.
Old Times in Middle Georgia. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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pudent hussy" and a "nasty, good-for-nothing, snaggle-toothed gaub of fat," blaze away like game-cocks till one sits astride the other, gathering gravel to grind into his adversary's eyes; we have a military drill, the precision of which appears in the order, "And you, gentlemen, fellow-soldiers, who's armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches, and cornstalks, needn't go through the firings, but stand as you are and keep yourselves to yourselves;" we have a schoolmaster who declined to give his scholars an Easter holiday until they seized him by the legs, laid him on the ground, and arranged themselves like a host of Lilliputians across his head, neck and breast; and we have a ridiculous picture of a Georgian punching the ground and feeling for his imaginary antagonist's eyes just to see how he "could 'a' fout." But as for typical men and women, there is nothing but a freak who "took" both tea and coffee, and muffins, rolls and corn-bread, because "his mother had forced him to eat different kinds of diet," and a satirical description of the "charming young creature" whose hand-squeeze "ran like nitrous oxide through every fibre of George's composition," and whom afterward other men "bussed because she was George's wife." If the *laudator temporis acti* turn to such sketches as "The Song" or "The Dance" with the expectation of learning how these matters were conducted in days gone by, he is regaled with the statement that "Rhoda Nobles swam through the reel like a cork on wavy waters, always giving two or three *diddles* as she rose from a coupee;" or that when Mrs. Mushy danced, "every particle of her danced in spite of herself." And in the other paper the writer has in mind only "the horrors of a French or Italian song as it is agonised forth by one of their professed singers," who would make a "fly-catching grab at half a dozen keys in a row," and at the same instant "fetch a long, dunghill-cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grabbed as many keys with the left." The writer apologises for the coarse and sometimes ungrammatical language which he occasionally uses on the rather ambiguous ground that it is "accommodated to the capacity of the person to whom he represents himself as speaking." It has been predicted, he says, by a man for whose opinion he entertains the profoundest respect (especially since the prediction) that his writings will be read with increased interest a hundred years hence. Unabashedly smart to the end, you see; and time and again the smartness oozes up in some such audacious expression as "looking killniferously." The reader is thankful to come upon the following passage, which curiously reproduces the tone of one of Edward Everett's well-known periods. It pictures the firmament as it was viewed by a man who had risen too early for a fox-hunt.

"Upon the western verge, in all his martial glory, stood Orion, his burnished epaulettes and spangled sash with unusual brightness glowing. Capella glittered brighter still, and Castor, Procyon, and Arcturus rivalled her in lustre. But Sirius reigned the monarch of the starry host; and countless myriads of lesser lights glowed, and sparkled, and twinkled o'er all the widespread canopy."

Old Mr. Pate, whose reminiscences comprise the greater part of Colonel Johnston's volume, is a brooding, sentimental person, who adheres strictly to his belief that "courtin' and marryin' 's the interestinest occepation people can foller and hear tell about." He tells, in a verbose, toothsome way, how Penninah began to get better at the mere thought of her husband Jeff taking to himself another wife, whereupon Jeff died and she married Billy, and worried so over the possibility of the latter's living to be mated with some one else that after his decease she didn't dare "resk another and a third time," although there were two young men "open and above-board a-tryin' to over-persuade her." Mr. Pate tells, too, of the Widow Lazenberry. "Her first husband were 'Lihu Lazenberry, and after he died, leavin' her with three children, his brother Isaac, a-feelin' hisself adequate to the above, stepped in and extenduated the family two better." At last accounts there was a third husband on the widow's horizon in the person of Jeems Boze, her theory being that "it's the natur' o' people to not want to live by their lone self, and when their pardner is took away from 'em, if they don't git another it ain't because they don't want to."

Indeed, five of the seven stories here reprinted from the *Century Magazine* have their motive in this barnyard promiscuity, and generalising on so slender a basis one is by no means as sure

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as was Uncle Jack that "this here thing people calls love it takes holt of people in differ'nt and war'ous ways." But it is perhaps a cause for gratitude that Colonel Johnston has attempted to delineate so small a segment of Georgia life, he does it so feelingly and entertainingly. The characterisation is vital so far as it goes. Eben Bull with his slow wink, contemplative manner, and asthmatic utterance, is a type of man with which the plays have made us tolerably familiar; and Mr. Pate, who in Georgian parlance "had heard it thunder too often" to distinguish one morning the clarion notes of his pet rooster, tells the story of his deafness with a sorrowful air which is very humanising. Taken as a whole, the book is emotional rather than intellectual, and lacks the sedulous minuteness and breadth of realistic treatment inhering in the earlier work, while it gains immensely in refinement and chivalrous regard for woman.

G. M. H.

A BUNDLE OF STRANGE TALES.*

There is a wide difference between the "Jules Verne of England" and the "Bret Harte of the Pacific," as Messrs. Wells and Becke have been respectively dubbed—a difference made plain to the reader by the distinct classification into which they have fallen in the public estimation. Like Jules Verne, Mr. Wells, in these thirty strange stories of his, entertains and delights with his inexhaustible power of invention, his quick, dexterous legerdemain, and startling ingenuity. It is like watching a conjuror to read these stories, and each story, like a new trick, but increases your wonder and piques your curiosity to see what the performer will make of the next venture. And like a trick that, once seen, is apt to be forgotten and can be enjoyed again, so we have read with fresh zest a number of these stories which originally appeared in an English magazine. They make no appeal to the emotions, their aim is simple entertainment, and we should say that few books published this summer for light reading afford the amount of pleasure to be derived from these five hundred pages. "The Strange Orchid," for example, relates the strange adventure of an orchid-hunter, who almost became the victim of a strange specimen, which he exultantly carried from the auction room to his hothouse, and which used its tentacle-like, aërial rootlets one day as leech-like suckers upon its owner. Fortunately he was extricated from its tenacious grasp just in time to save his life, as he was being bled to death by the horrible plant. "Æpyornis Island" tells a wonderful tale of the discovery of an Æpyornis egg, "Sindbad's roc was just a legend of 'em," and of its hatching on a small island where its finder had been cast adrift, with only this monstrous bird for company. "The Plattner Story" is of a man who got blown out of space into the Fourth Dimension, and who, after an absence of ten days, was again accidentally blown back again. But the funny part of it is that somehow before Plattner returned to space an inversion of his right and left sides had taken place, just as if his reflected body had walked out of a mirror. "The Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham" is a sort of Faust-up-to-date, with Marguerite left out; and so on with the whole thirty stories; each turns on some fresh and ingenious idea, which is worked out with a mathematical nicety that for the time being gives realism to the story and makes it appear very probable and perhaps possible. Mr. Wells has a quiet, sly sort of humour, too, that keeps his stories within the domain of comedy, and few of them end so tragically as "The Argonauts of the Air," those daring pioneers of the flying machine. A better book of short stories for the idle hour or for that tired feeling it would be hard to find.

Pacific Tales is of another sort. Here, as in Bret Harte, we are brought into contact with rough, uncivilised forms of life and with exhibitions of untamed, savage aspects in nature and in human nature. The luxurious colour and riotous vegetation of the tropics form the background of these tales; life throbs behind the pages; and as onlookers, the artist in the author has the power to make us quicken with sympathy or sicken with disgust, as he unveils the wickedness, the weakness, the crime existing alongside of the loveliness, the

* Thirty Strange Stories. By H. G. Wells. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.
Pacific Tales. By Louis Becke. New York: New Amsterdam Book Co. $1.50.

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pathos, the strange, wild beauty of life in the islands afar off in the South Seas. A weird spell falls upon the reader when he comes under Mr. Becke's sway—a spell that seems of the land, the atmosphere, the clime. There is a grim tenacity about the way in which his work fastens upon the imagination and haunts the memory, as if for the nonce you had passed with him into that strange land and had lived through the sights and scenes painted before your eyes with magic writing, not with a descriptive pen. In the search for local colour it is to Mr. Becke the student or the reader or the romancer must go for a true picture of the native life and customs in the South Sea Islands. Mr. Becke knows the Pacific as few men have ever known it, as few men with the experience of a lifetime since boyhood could know it. He is also one of the rare men who have been talented enough to combine roaming and writing to a degree that has commanded interest and respect for their work. Those who have visited the South Seas testify to the accuracy of detail and the fidelity to truth which stamp all his work. But something more than mere observation and knowledge is needed to impart the thrill of pleasure and touch of potency that give force to these stories and invest them with their supreme attraction, and this is the endowment of the artist. Mr. Becke has this power to vitalise the raw material which he has come by so richly, and with it he has also the power to enthrall, to fascinate, but as frequently with repulsion as with attraction.

James MacArthur.

THE GREATER NORTHWEST.*

Of the three handsome volumes just issued by Mr. Francis P. Harper, entitled *New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest*, the first two contain the diary of Alexander Henry, a fur-trader in the service of the North-west Company, together with a digest of the manuscripts of David Thompson, astronomer, geographer, explorer, and discoverer, whose work was done first for the Hudson Bay Company and afterward for its energetic and hated younger rival. The third volume, thinner than its predecessors, is filled up with maps, and an index of most scholarly and minute comprehensiveness. The material is edited by Dr. Elliott Coues, with a critical and explanatory commentary, so copious and so painstaking that the whole work, as it stands, is a monument to the editor no less than to the author. It is issued in a limited edition of eleven hundred numbered copies.

As a contribution to the history of the Northwest Henry's journal is invaluable. Other explorers in the same field have left more or less complete records of their achievements. The work before us does not cause any great reversal of accepted conclusions, but corroborates and immensely enlarges our store of knowledge on the subject. The journal covers the years from 1799 to 1814, and a tract of country extending from Lake Superior to the Pacific, from the southern borders of Wisconsin and Oregon to the northern limits of Saskatchewan and Alberta. It is written with all the freshness and veracity of immediate observation, the author's custom having obviously been to post up his diary at the end of each day's travelling or trafficking. It is written also with the bold fidelity to fact of the unimaginative man who sees no further than before his feet, and is not concerned to make deductions. For the annalist this is the ideal temper; and the historian who has to draw upon these pages for material will gratefully recognise their simplicity.

It is at first a matter of wonder that the author of such an important work as this should have so long remained unknown. The reason is found in the fact that Henry was by no means versed in the arts of composition, and left his manuscripts in such a shape that no publisher could undertake to print them as they stood. The source of the volumes before us is a manuscript copy made by one George Coventry, about 1824, and now lying in the library of Parliament at Ottawa. It consists of more than sixteen hundred pages of legal cap, and bears every evidence of being a faithful transcript of Henry's

* New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest. The Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry, Fur Trader of the North-west Company, and of David Thompson, Official Geographer and Explorer of the same Company, 1799–1814. Exploration and Adventure among the Indians on the Red, Saskatchewan, Missouri, and Columbia Rivers. Edited with Copious Critical Commentary by Elliott Coues. New York: Francis P. Harper.

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own note-books. The style is so stilted, cumbersome, weighted with circumlocution and repetition that readers would have been hopelessly repelled by it. This mine of information, therefore, had to wait for an editor with the requisite patience and requisite knowledge for its development, as well as for a publisher ready to take the risk of so costly a venture. In Dr. Coues the old fur-trading diarist has found at last the editor whom he needed for the establishment of his fame. His writings, under tactful revision and condensation, have been made extremely readable, without sacrifice of the author's personality; and Dr. Coues, from the fulness of his scholarship in this field, has brought out the full value of Henry's material by presenting it in its relation to the works of other authorities, such as McKenzie, Franchin, Ross, and Samuel Hearne.

It is not for his contributions to our geographical knowledge that Henry is significant. He followed, for the most part, beaten trails. But none of the chroniclers of his time could rival his knowledge of the Northwest Indian tribes. He knew their habits, customs, and points of view; and his unshrinking pen describes them with a merciless lack of extenuation. The picture is not generally a romantic or attractive one, but it bears the stamp of truth; and the editor has done wisely to remember that in a book of this sort, which makes its appeal to the student rather than to the family circle, expurgation would have been an impertinence. It would have seriously impaired the accuracy of a picture which perpetuates vanished conditions.

The whole of Volume I. is taken up with the Red River region, which includes a strikingly picturesque account of a tour among the Mandans, in 1806. The force and directness of the narrative are at times startling in their effect. The incidents stand out in unforgettable relief. The second volume contains Part II., dealing with the Saskatchewan country, and Part III., describing the Columbia. Both accounts are of the highest ethnographical value, and should be studied by all who are concerned in those Indian problems for whose solution our race is unquestionably responsible. Henry shows a remarkable skill, throughout the whole work, in differentiating the numerous tribes that came under his observation. It was late in 1813 that he arrived at the mouth of the Columbia, at the Astoria settlement, which Irving's work of that name has immortalised. Had Irving been fortunate enough to have access to Henry's papers his romance, without sacrifice of literary quality, might have been made more like history and less like fiction. Here, on May 22d, 1814, Henry was drowned in the waters of the Columbia while on a canoe expedition from Fort George.

The contributions of David Thompson to this work are of great extent and value, but not incorporated with the main text. Embodied in the foot-notes they serve the purposes of comparison and elucidation. The manuscripts of Thompson's notes, covering the whole of his active career, are preserved in the archives of the Crown Lands Department of Ontario, at Toronto. Only those documents, however, which cover approximately the period treated in Henry's diaries are made use of by Dr. Coues. Consisting as they do of tables, reports, bare scientific data, astronomical calculations and meteorological records, they could have no interest to the reading public and no place in book-form except when presented as Dr. Coues has presented them. In this connection their value and significance are made to appear. The journeyings of the two men often coincided both in time and place. They were continually coming at least within rumour of each other. But they betrayed so little affection for each other's companionship that it seems the very irony of fate that their names and their work should at last come to be so inextricably bound up together as they are in the present volumes.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

A DOG'S VIEW OF THINGS.*

In painting, notably in the work of Sir Edwin Landseer and his followers, animals are almost invariably endowed with human characteristics and attributes; in literature, embracing all the folk-lore concerning animals from *Æsop's*

* Diomed: The Life, Travels, and Observations of a Dog. By John Sargeant Wise. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $2.00.

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Fables to Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus*, and Kipling's *Jungle Books*, this is also true. Indeed, until the appearance of *Diomed* there has been no literature from the point of view of animals. It is the distinction of *Diomed* that this canine narrative carries conviction with it as being decidedly the dog's view of things. *Diomed*, in short, is a unique achievement in the realism of animal literature.

Hunting and travelling in reminiscence with men and dogs of all sorts and conditions, "Di" ranges the country from New York to Texas, from Florida to Minnesota, making philosophical reflections and comparisons, finding the best and healthiest in every one and in everything with the same infallible instinct that guided him in finding birds.

Diomed is a setter of the old Virginia stock, proud of his pedigree and of his master's family, with an aristocrat's indulgent contempt for the *parvenus* who come from nowhere or anywhere, and are anybody or nobody, but who just happen somehow to get hold of or live upon a James River plantation, and before five years have gone by begin posing and talking about the olden times and the genuine representatives of the old Virginia stock. "James River water," he reflects, "must put such notions in men and dogs."

On the other hand, in the chapter called "High-Toned Shooting," Di expresses his opinion of one Dash, a huge, heavy-looking liver-and-white setter, which an English gentleman brings with him on a memorable hunt. Dash is undoubtedly of the highest breeding; but Diomed is more impressed by his appetite for Devonshire hams than by the report of his work in "the turnips." Indeed, what "the turnips" are Di does not even know until Dash—whom the hams have made thirsty—exhausts his capacity as a reservoir and comes lumbering up, looking over the beautiful brown stubble, which to an energetic American dog promises unlimited sport, and says: "Where are the turnip fields?" "The what?" says Di. "The turnip fields, where the birds are," says Dash. "See here, Dash," Di remonstrates, "you cannot expect ham and turnips both. What do you want—the earth?" "Well, you know," the English dog protests as they gallop along, "one cawn't be expected to scour a beastly wilderness like this for birds. How shall we ever think where to look for them, seeing there are no turnip fields?"

With its quietly sustained humour the narrative rambles along over a half score years or more—the long life of a dog who knows, sees, and feels no more than we have known a dog to do if he has come into our life and shared our good and ill fortune in comradeship. Mr. Wise, in his preface, holds himself responsible for Diomed, however, and invites the reader to put down to the author's score whatever Di thinks or says that he believes a dog could not think or say. But there is nothing undoglike in the pure fun Di has with all the world. The narrative is told in retrospect, and once in a while a rheumatic twinge arrests the old dog's thoughts, causing him to reflect sadly on the vanities of life. The sincerity, the optimism, the keen yet kindly analysis of life under many aspects, among men who are known in the world and men who are known in the army, in the rugged distances of Texas, or the decay of Williamsburg, that "Diogenes of corporations which, having nothing, wants nothing, asks nothing save that the sunlight, in which its burghers bask in idleness, be not obstructed by intruders"—these, with its wealth of cheer and unfailing humour, are the characteristics which will distinguish *Diomed* from all other books of the day, and which will place what purports to be the autobiography of a dog beside the great human autobiographies and similar literary achievements that reach out beyond their special audience to one of universal interest.

The author thoughtfully suggests in his preface that "it is all so arranged that it may be taken in broken doses. Every chapter is independent of the other save that all are bound together by the thread of a dog's life—and who minds clipping that?"

But we do mind; and as we lay down the story of Diomed we place it beside those few fortunate books that are not of fad or day, but which are read and reread even as Di and his master return again and again to the scenes that they cherish. We are richer for the memory, which this book has brought us, of some true friends.

Marguerite Tracy.

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BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.*

Mr. Putnam has brought his noble task to a worthy conclusion. His first volume dealt mainly with the monasteries and their *scriptoria*, and brought us down to the beginning of the sixteenth century and the early printer-publishers of France. As Mr. Putnam points out, any account of the production and distribution of books during the two centuries immediately succeeding the invention of printing "must, of necessity, be chiefly devoted to the operations of the printer-publishers of the period." Thus it happens that this present volume deals with the Estiennes of France, Caxton of England, the Kobergers of Nuremberg, Froben of Basel, Plantin of Antwerp, and the Elzevirs of Leyden and Amsterdam. As it happened, a few great scholars of the time had also special influence on the development of the new art, and Mr. Putnam devotes three chapters to Isaac Casaubon, Erasmus, and Luther.

The printing offices of the middle ages were mainly busied with the production of editions of the Bible, the Greek and Roman classics, the works of the Fathers, and a few philosophical and legal treatises. With the Reformation a new impetus was given; a new reading public arose, and to meet their demands for cheap literature the pamphlet and the *Flugschriften*, or fly-leaf literature, came into existence. These brought about the censorship (ecclesiastical and civil) of the press, with its consequent *Indices Expurgatorii*. As the influence of the Reformation became more marked, and the effects of the Renaissance extended and deepened, and finally gave birth to a contemporary literature, the printers forsook the older works, and took to printing the new literature of the enlightenment. Whereas before, printers themselves selected what the public was to read, the time had now come when they were compelled to produce what the people wanted, and what the people wanted was quickly made known by the poets, historians, theologians, and philosophers who came after the great revivals in religion and learning.

Mr. Putnam, with a care truly astonishing, traces the growth of this story in all its details. He is so anxious to omit nothing that he often repeats himself; but in a work which will not be read consecutively, but used for reference largely, such repetition is perhaps a gain.

We have little to say for Mr. Putnam's volume that is not in its praise. An exhaustive treatment of it would, we are convinced, but make more evident its many good qualities. We have tested it in several instances, only to find it admirable alike in its presentation of facts and in the faithfulness of the record of the facts themselves.

Temple Scott.

* Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages. By G. H. Putnam. Vol. II., 1500–1709. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

NOVEL NOTES.

LEONORA OF THE YAWMISH. By Francis Dana. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

The would-be hero of this tale descended somewhat abruptly and mysteriously upon Leonora's premises. As nearly as we can gather he had been following a watercourse up among the Olympics in the far Northwest and fell over a precipice, not all at once, but from tree to tree, till he was gently deposited, with his clothing considerably torn, on a bed of deep, rich moss. Two faces were soon bending over him, one pale and fair, the other that of Leonora's butler, who inquired: "Am you broke at all, sah? May I take the liberty of feeling for shattered bones, sah?" With careful nursing the adventurous wayfarer was soon in a condition to be teased by his captor, who, despite her gold-mounted revolver and other up-to-date trappings, posed with some effect as the ignorant girl of the forests, and drew from him much trite information about the "outside world." However, his inability to take a joke did not deter him from asking her hand before his departure for Boston. There, after a couple of years, a Mrs. Merivale, who "needed him"—that is, his money—inveigled him into another engagement, and the remainder of the tale is occupied with the tactful execution of her plans respecting the disposal of Leonora, which were nothing less Shakespearian than to palm off upon the latter a younger brother of her *fiancé*, who looked for all the world like him. Tom was at that moment "keeping death off at the pen's point," and had first to be reinstated in a competence. After much coaching he crossed the continent and essayed his merry task; but neither by athletic prowess nor by the telling of an unconscionable number of lies did he succeed in convincing Leonora that he was not an impostor. Ever fond of laying "springes to

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catch woodcock," she entrapped him into the admission that he "remembered" what never had occurred. His identity known, he made love on his own account, and won her, remaining in the West to "live down" the impression made by his duplicity. Having declined his brother's bribe, he was again cast upon his own resources, and went to Seattle, where the only employment offered him was that of a hearse driver, which he refused. His cedar stick, however, attracted the attention of a lumberman, and these twain soon had hewn a fortune out of the forests surrounding Leonora's Olympic home. So that the grumpy old father who had followed a wounded bear up the Yawmish and "located" far from human strife builded better than he supposed.

Not less clever than the plot which we have outlined is Mr. Dana's manipulation of incidents. These are not only closely interwoven with the story, but in themselves are amusing, and at times even startling. His natural description is like a tin cup of water from one of the cold eddies of a mountain stream—unadorned but refreshing. He is conventional, and in that degree disillusionising, only in the love scenes, which are by far the weakest part of a rugged and not altogether polished but very fascinating story.

PINK MARSH. By George Ade. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.

Why should there not be pink marshes as well as red scaurs or yellow pines? A volume put forth by a Chicago journalist and bearing the title *Pink Marsh* should not only be tinged with local colour but smack delicately of the soil. One bethinks oneself not unnaturally of the berouged historic soil of Clark Street, and wonders if the post-office is by this time sufficiently unbuilt to have permitted Mr. Ade to consult the displaced river slime upon which it rested for some years. Imagine our surprise, then (in confessing which we betray, perhaps, an unpardonable ignorance of Chicago newspapers), on glancing at the numerous drawings which Mr. Ade's sketches illustrate and discovering that Pink Marsh is William Pinckney Marsh, bootblack and "brush" in one of the subterranean barber shops indigenous to the Windy City, and that the "collah" that pervades the little volume is racial rather than local. This young Afro-American speaks a *patois* that differs phonetically both from that invented by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, and that which, thanks to the *Sun*, obtains in New York City. It may be questioned whether one would wish to recognise such linguistic eccentricities as "dis-ohdehly" and "p'opehty" outside of their context. In the main, however, Pink's characteristics are convincingly truthful, and as picturesque as is compatible with his tonsorial environment. He appeals widely to the great workaday heart, where he is represented as suffering from too much domination: "Misteh Cliffo'd, he's boss; Misteh Adams, he's sup'ntenden'; Misteh Bahclay, he's manageh, and 'at new bahbeh, he's fo'man. Yes, seh; I'm wuhkin' faw fo' men heah." Many of his ideas are so original that one could wish his interlocutor used less hackneyed means of eliciting them. Such cues as "Be virtuous and you will be happy" and "Procrastination is the thief of time" are fatiguing and jar on the humour or pathos of the situations in which they occur. And the parade of long words which left Pink open-mouthed and staring into vacancy produces a sense of shame even in the reader. Here was a chance, incidentally and by way of contrast, to sketch a gentleman, who should impress Pink by his freedom from priggishness and braggadocio and the other spurious qualities with which his understudy may be inoculated locally. Next time we wish Mr. Ade would bestow more attention on his lay figures.

CONSTANTINE. By George Horton. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

This is a very informing tale, by which epithet we mean that the author has smothered a tender little love-story, capable of being as simple and impressive as Mr. Jorge Isaacs's *Maria*, under a detailed account of Grecian social and domestic customs. Two men are like brothers, and one dies. This is an opportunity for divers information respecting rites of burial, a mœrologist being called in to sing a mœrologian, or death song, which Mr. Hudson "actually heard." Then the orphan Constantine is baptised at great length, and through a professional match-maker, who affords a text for another excursus, a wife of Xanthippe extraction is secured for his godfather. They beget a daughter, whom on page 126 Constantine discovers that he loves. Meanwhile, the children play *mora* together, and with religious pomp christen a cat Cinnamon String Bean, availing themselves of the shreds of ceremonial left over from Constantine's own baptism. They also look forward to Easter Day, when Christian brothers and sisters may exchange the kiss of holy love, which is the author's excuse for introducing an elaborate description of a church service. So, throughout the story, there is always something to divert the reader's interest from the main affair. One could wish that the superfluous explanatory matter, however timely it may be, had been embodied in a separate volume. Constantine displays all the impetuousness and loyalty a Greek lover should, and comes to the lovelorn, bedraggled state in which, at the Poros monastery, the sea captain who tells the story of his life finds him, through no fault of his own, but, we are asked to believe, by one of those ironical twists of fate whereby "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." His godfather, who sympathised with his love affair, dying inopportunely, the treasure-trove which he rightfully inherited was withheld from him through the perfidy of a friend until Aneza, whom he loved, yielded to circumstances and her mother's stronger will and became the bride of another. Henceforth we read of Constantine as the "crazy man" presenting the pitiable spectacle, with which novelists have familiarised us, of a human mind in ruins. Nothing is more unique or touching than the love letter wherein he writes to Aneza: "You are sweeter than cold water, . . . my little bird, my orange." The simplicity of the author's style is marred by an occasional choice of the wrong word, as where the raindrops are said to have "pimpled" the harbour. "Frenchy" and "Greeky," too, are more colloquial than exact. Thrice does "bah, bah, bah" occur as a Greek exclamation of surprise, and we are at a loss to

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interpret "boh, boh, boh" until it reappears as "poh, poh, poh," spoken, we are informed, with an "inflection which made the expression correspond in meaning to our 'the very idea.'" If proverbs reflect the thoughts of a people, the Turk is not entirely neglected in this tale. We read of some one "standing no more chance of going to heaven than a Turk;" and that youth was accounted strong to whom the cry of "The Turk!" would never be a bugaboo—as "Napoleon" was, at the beginning of the present century to English children.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING. By Guy Boothby. New York: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.00.

This is a story of the kind recommended by many critics for perusal in *very* hot weather. One may read it through without the slightest agitation. Every action is labelled, every cog in the machinery explained, every move verbally anticipated. Lady Olivia first experienced the fascination of Marie I., King of the Medangs, in Venice, and thence repaired with him to his kingdom "at the back of" Annam. As for any distinction of local colour, she might with perfect propriety have met him at Oporto and sailed for Kamtchatka, which would have been much cooler for summer readers. As it was, she "slowly considered the Annunciation in all its lights." The Medangs "dressed in their brightest colours." The sounds of the jungle were "curious in the extreme."

At the start Marie I. was not a prepossessing fellow morally. He melodramatised about his failing health, and fawned upon Lord Instow that he might fascinate the latter's sister. But for the author's information we would not suspect that he had "just that flavour of romance which appeals to women." For two hundred pages nothing unexpected happens. Then, as the chapter head assures us, "the plot thickens." There is a fight—presumably with the French. The moment comes when "that battery must be silenced at any cost." While the King is away silencing batteries, Gaspard Roche, a trusted officer, whose baseness was detected from the first by the European members of the royal household, concocts a plot to supplant him. After a forced ride of fifty miles, the King appears resplendent at the garrison, whereupon Roche dies, like Brian de Bois-Gilbert, "a victim to his own contending passions." The climax is capped by Lord Instow's betrothal to the blind princess Natalie and the complete recovery, despite medical predictions, of the King. Mr. Boothby should look to his conversation, among other things. It is often stilted, and at times needlessly ungrammatical. The ladies do not say "to a boundless degree" and "to a wonderful degree" (on the same page) when there is an adverb or superlative within easy reach. And "who can I send?" is too distracting to meet with a ready response from one's European subjects.

JOAN SEATON. A Story of Parsifal. By Mary Beaumont. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25.

A Yorkshire romance written in terse, musical English, with only a sprinkling of dialect, is a rarity. Such a tale is *Joan Seaton*, which embodies the strength of the hills and the freedom of the winds, and as a love-story, despite its slightly melodramatic accessories, exhibits a fine consistency of tone and a psychology that is as true as it is unobtrusive.

In Parsifal, or Percival Dion as it was sometimes called by the dalesmen, the Stanfelds, the Seatons, and the Pigots had been friends for centuries. It was said that the Stanfelds "had the vision"—that is, an unusual clearness of sight in matters of right and wrong. In the Pigot blood, however, there was a strange mixture of levity and determination which turned rejected love into vengeful jealousy. Joan's mother was a Stanfeld, and the daughter not only preferred a Stanfeld of Thurstane to a Pigot, but, when she was wilfully persecuted, made no attempt to disguise her contempt for the relentless persecutor. Her pluck and loyalty and unerring perception of the right are so blended with the softer human qualities that one hardly knows which most to admire, her filial affection or her adequacy in meeting the most trying emergencies. Owing to an inheritance of debt left by Joan's grandfather, there was a mortgage on the family seat, Parsifal Head, which it was a point of family honour to pay off before the daughter's marriage. The intervening period was fraught with perils arising from the passionate designs of her pursuer. How Mrs. Seaton worked and planned, and the aged father, who had somehow "tapped an unfathomable holy well of content," maintained his farm, is pictured with a sympathy and attention to detail that give reality to the background of a distinctly strong story.

WHEN THE CENTURY WAS NEW. By Charles Conrad Abbott, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

With no particular desire to prove anybody's grandfather a murderer, Dr. Abbott has written a detective story, suggested by the unearthing of a fractured skull and rude knife near the site of the old Horse-Head Inn, and the conflicting evidence afforded by the diary of the supposed victim and the recollections of an aged resident. The story is told with an air of sobriety, which is in singular keeping with its Quaker investiture, but which retards its movement and militates against its clearness and conclusiveness. The facts are simple enough. Two rivals in love, Robert Hutton and Mark Watson, had fought, and in the scuffle killed, as they supposed, a faithful Indian servant. Fearing detention, they fled to the West Indies together, and married there. The wife of Hutton dying, he committed his little boy to the care of Watson, requesting the latter on his return to leave him with his grandfather, that he might in due time inherit Hutton Hall. Watson, however, resorting to a deception of the ancient changed-at-nurse variety, sold the boy to a sea captain and substituted his own daughter, who was accepted on trust as the rightful heir. Upon discovering this trickery, Hutton murdered Watson, and with shattered mind hovered about until his identity was established as the father of the sea captain's adopted child. Meanwhile Mr. Walter, as he was called, had fallen in love with the fair substitute, Ethel Hutton (*alias* Ethel Watson). In the readjustment of names she lost nothing, nominally at least, in marrying the son of her father's assassin, who "galloped away" after he had set things right. In

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divulging these facts the writer, like his own Mr. Walter, "suffers from too much teaspoon." The mystery leaks out, here a little and there a little, until, when all is told, the *eclaircissement* carries little force, and the effect produced is that of diffuseness rather than intricacy. Mr. Abbott's love of historical research lends itself more easily to the reanimation of old Quaker scenes and the description of quaint interiors. Hutton Hall is admirably pictured; and Miss Ethel's "Thee has spoiled my afternoon" and her aunt's shrewd enquiry, "Did thee bang thy head against the bedpost for the sake of a headache?" are touches that are momentarily convincing to one who has fathomed the beatific quietism and coy penetration of the Quaker heart.

AT THE QUEEN'S MERCY. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

The conscientious reviewer can scarcely have a harder task than to be just to a book belonging to a kind that he dislikes. And one who looks mainly to literary quality is unlikely to be attracted by the sort of romances that were fathered by Mr. Rider Haggard and mothered by *She*. Yet they are undoubtedly fine of their kind, and appeal to far larger audiences than Walter Pater ever won. To this class belongs Mrs. Blodgett's new book, and that, too, is good. It bears, indeed, a general resemblance to *She*, yet the work is at the same time original. There is a human element in Lah that She lacked, and all the characters are more real than those of Mr. Haggard's creation, although they show against a background that rather exceeds his—if that be possible—in supernatural horrors. Not even She devised the plan which commends itself to Lah, to have her reluctant lover devoured alive by the Mad Man of the Moon.

"Then the curtain of grass was pushed aside and the Thing that dwelt within leaped into the circle. It was white, with a loathsome whiteness, naked, and painted with spots of red and blue, and it mooned and mumbled and danced uncouthly there in the moonlight."

It is the lover himself who tells the gruesome tale.

"Then the Thing raised its head and its eyes rested on me with a look of greed and cunning. It stopped its hideous play and began to crawl warily but surely toward me. Nearer it came and yet nearer. My throat was parched, and I shut fast my lips, lest a womanish shriek shame me forever."

And this is but a minor incident leading up with steadily increasing force to the final climax, which can only be described in the author's own words.

"The clash of arms and the cries of the wounded told me all too surely which way to turn. Breathlessly, I rushed into the Queen's own chamber. This place the last desperate handful of her followers had made their stronghold. In their midst, clothed right royally, stood Lah, their mistress and my own. . . . The great, tawny tiger that she fondled stood guard on one side; Zobo the Mighty, with drawn sword, had taken his place on the other. The same look of hostile jealousy leaped into the eyes of both man and brute as I advanced."

And then came the crack of doom. It is almost impossible to speak seriously of such work; and yet, let it be conceded, the story is good of its kind.

A DEVOTEE. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.00.

The trouble with this story seems to be that the author herself appears rather uncertain as to just what she means to do. The sub-title, *An Episode in the Life of a Butterfly*, is misleading and confusing at the very outset; for there is nothing of the butterfly about the titular character. She might, on the contrary, be better described as a grub that never unfolds a wing—a grub that merely lies still, and would use humanity and the world only to make her wrappings thicker and softer. *A Devotee* she may be called—in the sense of a self-worshipper—but the term is rather too active to fit this peculiarly passive case. Only once throughout the progress of the story—if it may be called a story—does she actually do something; but it must be conceded that this single exception stamps the type of woman to which she belongs. She asks a man to marry her, and finally carries her point, not by entreaty nor—it is scarcely necessary to say—by charm, but by that dull, speechless persistence by which brilliancy, eloquence, and passion are quelled. We have all seen such women and such instances of their inscrutable power, and so far the work is strong and true. But from the marriage on the story wanders, and neither the reader, nor, apparently, the writer, can tell what it aims at or when (if ever) it arrives. On one page the grub seems quiet enough; on the next she seems on the eve of some transformation. Now she is represented as resting content, having won the husband she coveted, and again she is wretched because she dares not show how much she loves him, which is remarkable in view of the circumstances leading to the marriage. Beginning to fall off and ramble aimlessly at this point, the story grows absurd, as it becomes uncertain whether she is a devotee to her husband or to another man. And yet with all these drawbacks there are admirable bits of writing scattered throughout the work, so that it is never really dull reading.

DERELICTS. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

The author has been courageous enough to take for his subject one of the profoundest questions of civilisation—the possibility of retracing a downward step. Many, indeed most, writers of fiction have approached the problem in much the same manner that Mr. Locke approaches it, but his work stands apart from other stories of the kind in that it shows not only one or two, but all the principal characters as striving to regain the slippery steeps. The different social grade engaged in the common struggle also enlarges the work. The gentleman who in a moment of temptation uses money that is not his own; the bishop who unknowingly takes another man's wife, and who hesitates when he learns the truth; the woman whom both the men love, and who is essentially good but weak, and driven like a feather before the wind of destiny—these are the central characters. Grouped about them are several others of less importance to the story, but all struggling with equal earnestness to regain the icy heights, which not one of them—which not one, perhaps, of the myriads who have so striven—ever completely regains. The story is infinitely sad, as all such blighted lives are, and the light at the

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last is dim, for in the story, as in real life, the shadow lingers till the end. The author does not convince the reader of what he himself apparently believes—that the man and the woman who have suffered most win the long-denied happiness at last. It is true that they are married, but from the wedding day "years of struggle and ostracism lay before them," and the husband says to the wife at the close of the story:

"Nothing that a man or a woman alone can do can restore lost honour or self-reverence. No fasting or penance or sacrifice is of any use."

DEAR FAUSTINA. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Other times, other manners, guises and conversation Miss Broughton gives us in her very clever novel, *Dear Faustina*, the adventuress up to date. She is not so bewitching as in the days of Becky Sharp, but what she lacks in charm she makes up for in energy. With her quick intelligence she knows this is not the day of individual power, but of associated effort; and her greatest harvest is reaped not in the exploitation of persons, but of causes—persons, of course, are convenient tools, to be used with skill and flung aside when done with. To Althea Faustina is apostle and saint, for whom she is called to give up kith and kin and comfort. Following her into the wilderness—that is, the slums and the working-places of the world, she finds her sainthood the worse for wear, her apostleship a sham; while from the disciple, in the name of a cause, are expected dishonour and vulgarity. Miss Broughton resists the temptation of sending Althea permanently back to domesticity when her disillusionment takes place. She makes satire effective by keeping it within bounds, and saving a few public-spirited persons and the general philanthropic idea from its lash. Miss Broughton's humour plays around and tests all, but only the humbugs are mercilessly flayed.

THE MASSARENES. By Ouida. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.

"Ouida" here lashes the sins and follies of Society—very high society, of course; the chief lady-villain is accustomed to walk about in Homburg with the King of Greece on one side of her and the Duc d'Orleans on the other. She lives in an exceedingly corrupt world in London, has a disreputable noble husband, and is noble and gracefully disreputable herself. All the vices that extravagant habits and constant impecuniosity can breed are hers. When in desperate straits she hangs on to the impossible new millionaires from Kerosene City, N. D.; and for very substantial wages she agrees to convince the finest society that these dreadful people are not only possible, but absolutely must be swallowed. But Massarene, the millionaire, was never robbed or humbugged in his life, and he makes her pay in more than society favour. The story is a very ugly one; and her career is studded with others as bad. One stumbling-block in her path is Massarene's daughter. In spite of her birth the girl might have been the daughter of kings—Ouida knows how to make them such—but she has no vulgar ambitions. This singular and meritorious young woman "preferred to be alone in the music-room, with her violin and harmonium, or in the library comparing Jowett's *Dialogues* with the original." Needless to say, the lady-villain's plans are a good deal upset by the heiress's charitable disposal of the wealth so soon as it comes into her keeping, and, of course, virtue is rewarded by marriage with a high-minded nobleman. It is a pitiful confession to make; but at no point are we deeply indignant at the condition of things Ouida exposes. Perhaps never are we quite convinced that they just happened so. Yet in a rough-and-ready, exaggerated fashion she lashes sins that do exist, and we can only hope that her satire may accomplish some of the good it evidently intends to do. It is not going out of the way to remark that though Ouida's popularity may have been lessened by the tremendous success of Marie Corelli, in intellectual merits, in imaginative and structural faculties, as well as in versatility, she still keeps far ahead of that beloved-of-the-nations disciple and rival. But the book provokes one protest from even an easy-going reader. Let her lash "Society" if she likes. Let her slander it, if she will only leave children alone. There may be detestable little atoms among them; but she has invented the cynical, evil-minded worldling of four. Happily it is not in her power to make the little monster live.

THE STEPMOTHER. A tale of Modern Athens. By Gregory Xenopoulos. Done into English by Mrs. Edmonds. New York: John Lane.

That a delicate subject is handled in a delicate manner in this Greek story of to-day is what had best be kept prominent in a judgment of the book. A father and son are rivals for the love of a beautiful young woman. The father, a gay, good-natured, charming, not very observant person, marries her, and never discovers his son's misery. The son, in the end, behaves like an honourable man. Mrs. Edmonds, by writing a preface in which she seems to treat this very slight story as capable of vividly presenting domestic life in Athens among the comfortable classes, has attached to it too much responsibility. But so, too, does its author, whose chief purpose was to show the evils of early marriage. That a grown-up son may fall in love with his stepmother is a possible consequence of his father marrying, for the first time, too young; but the evil might be attacked on several stronger grounds.

THE FOLLY OF PEN HARRINGTON. By Julian Sturgis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Pen, a very fortunate young woman, with health and wealth, beauty and audacity, queen in her own London set, went out to remotest Africa. To tell how this came about is the purpose of Mr. Sturgis's story. The reader is left to determine for himself to what portion of her career Pen's "Folly" belongs; but few will place it at the end. She is a masterful, generous, and harum-scarum young woman, whose popularity we believe in; and that is a great admission concerning a mere book-heroine. At the same time we think even obstinacy does not altogether explain her temporary consent to the overtures of Pharamont, so obviously detestable

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even before his wickedness was discovered. There is an unusual amount of bright and capable character-drawing in the book; and if the Bobbys, those pathetic and most obliging adventurers, seem to have jumped straight out of the pages of Mr. Henry James, we are bound to say they are Mr. Sturgis's own—only conceived in a Jamesian mood. Perhaps the old-fashioned machinery that brought Pen and Pharamont and Blake together in their relations to Kitty Trevor is a little out of place in a book so up-to-date, so lightly, so pleasingly modern. But the answer of most would be that the coincidence makes so much more of a story.

THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO. By Frank Aubrey. New York: New Amsterdam Company. $1.50.

Here is an adventure story, which, so far as we know, is written around an absolutely new monster. In the traditional city of Manoa—the veritable Eldorado which sprang into being around the camp-fires of Cortez and Pizarro—Mr. Aubrey writes of a gigantic and blood-thirsty tree, which is alive with coiling, writhing branches, and has a man for breakfast every morning. This vegetable horror grows in the middle of a sort of amphitheatre, and is worked as a religious spectacle, and for the private ends of one Coryon, a treacherous but imposing high-priest. Readers of sentiment will find a relief from the performances of the "Devil Tree" in a well-sustained love story, for there is a beautiful princess and more than one plucky young Englishman. The book is strikingly original in its central idea, is undeniably gruesome, and frequently exciting. Mr. Aubrey, however, is too lengthy, and his style is by no means a thing of beauty. It is a great pity that writers of books like this are not content to say less and to say it better. But, in spite of such drawbacks, we must acknowledge that Mr. Aubrey has really given us a capital tale.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

EYE SPY. Afield with Nature among Flowers and Animate Things. By William Hamilton Gibson. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

"From my baby days," Mr. Gibson once told the writer of "A Naturalist's Boyhood," the chapter which introduces us to *Eye Spy*, "I was curious about flowers and insects. The two were always united in my mind. What could not have been more than a childish guess was confirmed in my later years." This chapter derives a special value from its autobiographical interest; in a series of conversations which the writer, Mr. Barnet Phillips, had with the late Mr. Gibson, he has pieced together the naturalist's recollections of his boyhood, which tell in his own words the story of his first impressions of nature, his early observations, his studies and favourite books, his first experiments at collecting, and the beginning of his career not only as the most observant and sympathetic of naturalists, but as a distinguished artist and author. The chapters which compose the book are intended primarily for young people, to give them an impulse to observe and to study nature for themselves. But *Eye Spy* is a book that will engross readers of all ages; it makes its appeal to old as well as young. Few of us use our eyes as we might, and thus rob ourselves of much of the beauty of nature—the nature that lies at our feet. For instance, how many of us would ever look for "Fox-fire" around our refrigerators, or think of associating it with a piece of bread? how many of us can account for the appearance of spiders at sea, or for the fact that certain spiders are argonauts and sail through the air when they feel like leaving *terra firma* for a change? Some of us have crowed over finding a four-leaved clover; but who can boast of having seen a nine-leaved clover, as Mr. Gibson did? This chapter on "Luck in Clovers" is an example of the amount of interest that can be worked out of the simplest and most familiar flower of the field. Mr. Gibson's sharp eyes went so far as to note that "the clover says its prayers and goes to sleep, with its two side leaflets folded together like reverent palms, and the terminal leaflet bowed above them. So the normal leaf spends the night in the dews." There are chapters on beetles, the housefly, wasps, spiders, snakes, grasshoppers, pansies, cocoons, clovers, mushrooms, primroses, and other insects and flowers. There are also over a hundred of Mr. Gibson's illustrations, and a fine frontispiece portrait of him which is very characteristic. It is a book that ought to be in the hands of every boy and girl; and it will make many older readers lament that their eyes are no longer sharp nor their observing faculties acute with the fine perceptiveness of fresh young life.

CITIZEN BIRD. Scenes from Bird-life in plain English for beginners. By Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Coues. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This is another book of natural history which makes the older reader envious of the younger when he looks back with melancholy regret on the days of his own youth, barren of such rare delights. Those who have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Wright's *Birdcraft*, but especially her *Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts*, published last Christmas, will be prepared for the charming narrative which she has spun around the story of the birds, their classification, habits, songs, and so forth. Sympathy with all living things through greater knowledge of them is Mrs. Wright's aim, and she has the inborn gift of telling a story so as to move the reader; and in the case of boys and girls, she knows just how to tap their primary emotions and how to call forth their kindlier instincts and to shame them out of their savage estate. For an explanation of the title, in which lies the central motive of the work, we quote the words of Dr. Roy Hunter, a naturalist, to

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his small and much-interested audience, Olive, Dodo, Nat, and Rap :

"I told you the other day how the body of a bird was planned and built to fill a place no other animal could take. Thus by his habits and character every bird fills a place as a citizen of our Republic, keeping the laws and doing work for the land that House People, with all their wisdom, cannot do. Every such fellow-animal of ours, besides having eyes to see with, and a brain which, if it does not tell him as many things as our brains tell us, yet teaches him all that he need know to follow the laws that Heart of Nature has set for him, has the same feelings and affections as ourselves. Parent birds love each other and their little ones, and often lose their lives in trying to protect them. They build their homes with as much care and skill as House People use in making theirs. Then they work hard, very hard indeed, to collect food to feed their children. . . . So you can see for yourselves that we may well call the bird a fellow-being."

As Andrew Lang has put it for the birds :

"We would have you to wit, that on eggs though we sit,
And are spiked on the spit, and are baked in a pan ;
Birds are older by far than your ancestors are,
And made love and made war, ere the making of man."

The birds that sing their songs and build their nests and nestle their young around Orchard Farm contrive with the aid of Dr. Hunter to convince the children, known to the birds as "House People," that there "are no such things as common birds, for every one of them has something very uncommon about it." And this is certainly the impression which has been left upon our minds after going through with the keenest interest and pleasure Mrs. Wright's pages, teeming with the colour and romance and wonderland of bird life. The hundred odd illustrations by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, which enrich the text, and are drawn to help the eye to identify the birds, are excellent in execution and design. We are certain that no better book than this has ever been written upon ornithology for the young reader ; the skill and care with which the authors have retained the facts of science and yet have made them attractive to the youthful imagination by their romantic treatment is a rare achievement, and one that calls for the gratitude of the reader, old as well as young. For, as nearly always happens when a scientific subject is treated with authority and lucidity, with freshness and poetic feeling, the readers of *Citizen Bird* will know no limit of age.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN. By a Member of the Royal Household. Illustrated. New York : D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Private Life of the Queen, by one of Her Majesty's servants, is a readable and apparently trustworthy chronicle of gossip. How far one of Her Majesty's servants is justified in writing such a book is a question which one is not called upon to decide. It abounds in facts like these : "The Queen has a sweet tooth, and receives three or four times a week a packet containing one box of biscuits, one box of drop tablets, sixteen chocolate sponges, twelve plain sponges, one sponge cake, one princess cake, one rice cake, one box of wafers" and some other things. More interesting is the account of the Queen's reading. She is, it seems, a great reader, and among her favourites are Scott, Jane Austen, Mrs. Oliphant, and others less creditable. We miss, however, the magic name of Marie Corelli. How is this? The writer, who has evidently no sense of humour, tells a perfectly ridiculous story about Dickens falling in love with the Queen, with "the girlish beauty which she retained unimpaired for very many years after her marriage." The origin of this is an amusing letter of Dickens. There are plenty of people, alas ! who never can be made to understand a joke. Those who want to know how many strawberries and gooseberries are consumed in the royal household in the course of a year, what spoons and plate the Queen uses, what Her Majesty's opinion of orchids is, and similar facts, will find them here.

THE VICTORIAN ERA. By P. Anderson Graham. With 75 illustrations and two maps. New York : Longmans, Green & Co.

The Victorian Era is a fair specimen of Jubilee literature. The subjects are necessarily treated in a very superficial way, and many of the portraits are dreadful. Writing of literature, Mr. Graham mentions Dickens and Thackeray, and goes on : "Of those that come later I shall mention only two—Robert Louis Stevenson, who died in his prime at Samoa after writing a number of stories that deserve reading for the English in which they are written, and the veteran Mr. Meredith, whose difficult style has prevented him from being read as much as he deserves." The "veteran Mr. Meredith" is distinctly good. Of course every one knows that Mr. Graham can write much better than this, but he is here accomplishing a bit of task work, and on the whole he has done it well.

THE LAND OF THE DOLLAR. By G. W. Steevens. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

These journals of an English newspaper correspondent in America last year, during the Free Silver clamour and contest, were well worth reprinting. They have no pretensions to solidity or to permanent value. Mr. Steevens is not a philosophic watcher of the whole of American social life like Bourget, nor does he, in the wake of Mr. Bryce, try to account for the political conditions of the States. He writes of the day and for the day. It is all pure journalism, and light journalism at that, but every line is lively, common-sensible, quick-witted, and unprejudiced. He sometimes flashes an observation in a word or two which Bourget would have taken a chapter to elaborate. And what a Presidential election is really like to the onlooker—quite apart from its moral and material significance—has never been half so well described before. East and west, north and south, he cast a shrewd and good-natured eye over American politics and labour, over national and local traits ; and we take his report none the less seriously that there is not a heavy paragraph in his book from first to last.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The Story of the Atmosphere is the title of the latest volume issued in the Messrs. Appleton's admirable little Library of Useful Stories. The author, Mr. Douglas Archibald, is associated with the Royal Meteorological Society, London, and in producing a popular statement of our knowledge of the conditions of our at-

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mosphere as interpreted through the science of to-day, he has, as he admits, levied largely upon the original works of the modern school of meteorologists so ably represented in America, India, and Germany. The author has borne well in mind that he is writing not for a minority of students, but for a numerous section of seekers after information without technical training in the laws of physics. (With 44 illustrations. Price, 40 cents.) The same firm has added another out-of-doors book to the valuable list of such works already published by them. *Insect Life*, by Professor John Henry Comstock, introduces us to the study of a fruitful field for intellectual growth. The subject is so treated that it can be applied to Nature study in schools or taken up as a recreation when tired of the daily occupation. Its chief object is "to serve as a guide for those who wish to acquire a knowledge of insects from a study of the insects themselves; it is intended to lie open before the observer while the subject of study is examined." The needs of the beginner in the study of insects, be he old or young, are constantly kept in mind; facts are not only treated in a scientific manner, but with an imaginative mind also, and the result is such as to conduce to a closer sympathy with the teeming world of life around us. Everything in the way of drawings and diagrams that really help to illustrate the meaning of the text has been provided, and the book most admirably supplies a vacant place in the literature of the subject. (Price, $1.75.)

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have put together in a volume a collection of eighteen short stories by Mr. Edward Everett Hale. *Susan's Escort and Others* will bring a good deal of entertainment, food for thought, moral and psychological, and what Mr. Poor called "literary fooling" to the reader; some of the stories he may have already read in the periodicals; but what matter? Mr. Hale's quaint fancy and delightful humour blending with a deep serious vein of moral earnestness always invest his stories with a charm which wears well. (Price, $1.50.)——The Messrs. Harper have also published in book form four chapters of studies on *The People for whom Shakespeare Wrote*, by Charles Dudley Warner. "It is impossible for us," Mr. Warner writes in his opening chapter, "to enter into a full, sympathetic enjoyment of Shakespeare's plays unless we can in some measure recreate for ourselves the atmosphere in which they were written." Mr. Warner has sought to do this for us, and has endeavoured to carry us in imagination back among the people—their daily life, customs, costumes, manners, habitat—of the Elizabethan age. How well he has realised this can only be learned fully and profitably after a careful reading of a very pleasant and delightful volume. (Price, $1.25.)——Another volume on Shakespeare which deserves to find interested readers has just been published by Messrs. Lee and Shepard—namely, *The Genesis of Shakespeare's Art*, by Edwin James Dunning. It is an original and capable study of the sonnets and poems. Mr. Dunning believes that the Youth of the sonnets is a purely imaginary character, like as Beatrice was to Dante, "the inspiration of his genius and the soul of his poetic life." The treatment of the whole subject is not only ingenious and commanding, it is serious, oftentimes profound, and always suggestive. It is really a book to be reckoned with in the study of Shakespeare's life and art, and whatsoever theory we may hold regarding the sonnets, it is clear that the beauty and significance of the poet's lines are ably and felicitously interpreted, and that it would be impossible to peruse the book without having gained a fresh and suggestive view of the sonnets and poems and a nobler conception of Shakespeare's genius. The book is the outcome of a long and reverent study of the Bard of Avon, during years in which the author has brooded over the development of his thought and purpose in that darkness made visible which sightless eyes cast upon the mind. This fact lends a pathos to the work so patiently and lovingly pursued—work that must leave a deep impression on the mind of the reader who approaches it in a like spirit. (Price, $2.00.)

The Macmillan Company have issued Balzac's *A Distinguished Provincial at Paris* in the Dent Edition, for which Professor Saintsbury writes a preface. There are three etchings by W. Boucher. (Price, $1.50.)

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

AMERICAN AUTHORS: A BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

That interest in the first editions of the great American authors is still keen among collectors is shown by the high prices brought at the Bierstadt and Roos sales in April. But only the works of about a dozen of the great writers are all that collectors care for apparently, or that bring high prices. These are Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, and Poe, with perhaps as many more in slightly less degree.

There is need of a good bibliography of American authors, but the one which will satisfy a collector has not yet been written. Mr. Bierstadt, before his death, published in the *Book Buyer* an admirable bibliography of the writings of Whittier; and Mr. Chew, some years ago, published his *Longfellow's Collector's Hand-Book*. A satisfactory bibliography of

* American Authors, 1795–1895. A Bibliography of First and Notable Editions, Chronologically Arranged, with Notes. By P. K. Foley. With an Introduction by Walter Leon Sawyer. Boston: Printed for Subscribers. 1897.

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American first editions should give a full transcript of the title-page, the date of copyright, an accurate collation of the book, a description of the form in which it was published, whether in paper, boards, or cloth, whether with edges cut or uncut, and, if possible, the approximate market price from auctioneers' or booksellers' catalogues. Collectors of this class of books, more perhaps than of any other, demand that the books shall be in the original binding and in good, clean condition. Many books were issued in pamphlet form, with the title on the cover, and it is of the highest importance that these covers be preserved.

When we saw the announcement of Mr. Foley's book we hoped that it would supply these particulars, but on examination we are disappointed with it. It is called a "bibliography," but is, in fact, little more than a list of books. The titles are abbreviated, the names of publishers are not given, nor the dates of copyright. There are no collations and no descriptions of the original bindings, with a few rare exceptions. It can, therefore, do little more than serve the purpose of a check-list.

The compiler, in the preface, states that "in most cases the titles have been copied from the title-pages." It is indeed a pity that, when the books were before him, he did not note down further particulars—at least the publisher, the date of copyright, the number of pages, and the form in which it was originally issued. If he had confined the book to one fourth or one half the number of authors, and had given fuller particulars regarding their works, it would have been more serviceable to the collector, book-seller, or librarian seeking information from it.

Though only a check-list, it is by far the most accurate and complete work of its kind thus far published. The first work of this class was the catalogue of Leon and Brother, published in 1885. This was a bookseller's priced catalogue, and an admirable one of its kind, and was for many years the best book of reference on the subject. Following this was the hastily and carelessly compiled *First Editions of American Authors* of Herbert Stuart Stone, published in 1893. Mr. Stone gave lists, often faulty and imperfect, of books by two hundred and thirty-nine authors, including many early writers. Mr. Foley, in the book under review, excludes those authors whose works were published before 1795, and those whose works were for the most part juvenile, technical, religious, or historical rather than literary. He has, for these reasons, discarded sixty authors from Mr. Stone's list, but, on the other hand, he has added one hundred and thirty, not included by Mr. Stone, making the total number of authors whose works are enumerated three hundred and eleven.

In looking over the host of minor authors whose works are included, it seems strange that such names as Henry Ward Beecher, Edward Everett Hale, and James Freeman Clarke should have been discarded, even though their writings were largely religious. Nor do we quite understand why the names of Horace Greeley, George Cary Eggleston, John Habberton, Albion W. Tourgee, Henry Cabot Lodge, and a few others are omitted. The above were all included in Mr. Stone's book.

Collectors nowadays like to get everything containing the first appearance of any work by their favourites. Thus oftentimes biographies, reports of celebrations, etc., of little interest in themselves, have great interest and bring a high price because they include a poem or essay by Holmes, Whittier or Lowell. Mr. Foley has incorporated these in his lists, and has usually added notes stating the points of interest in the several items. Largely on account of the insertion of these items, Mr. Foley's lists of the works of the more important authors are much larger than those of Mr. Stone. Thus, Holmes has one hundred and thirty-four titles, while Stone gave only sixty-seven; Longfellow has seventy-six, while Stone gave only forty-six; Whittier has one hundred and ten, while Stone gave only sixty; Lowell has seventy-six, while Stone gave only thirty-seven, and so on.

There are interesting notes appended to many titles, giving points of interest about the books, a few records of sales of the most important items, and occasionally "points" by which the true and genuine "first" may be distinguished from a later issue of the same date. These notes are, however, often indefinite. For example, from the description it would be impossible to distinguish the first and second issue of Hawthorne's *True Stories from History and Biography* without having both before the eye, to note that one contained additional matter. Nor would it be possible to distinguish a copy of the second edition of *A Fable for Critics*, having the additional leaves of Preface removed from a genuine copy of the first edition, though there are several points of difference on the title pages, the most noticeable being the introduction, in the second edition, of an entire new line: "A vocal and musical medley."

The book is printed from type, in an edition limited to five hundred copies in 8vo, and fifty copies on large paper in 4to. The paper used is too soft and weak for a reference book whose margins may be used for notes, but otherwise the volume is a very presentable piece of bookmaking notwithstanding some slips in the reading of the proof.

L. S. L.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WALT WHITMAN.

The first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, published in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1855, is one of the most curious-looking books in American bibliography. It is a thin quarto containing only 95 pages, the size of the page ($7\frac{5}{8} \times 10\frac{3}{8}$ inches) allowing all except the longest of the irregular verses to be printed as one line. There was no publisher, the book being printed by Mr. A. H. Rome, of Brooklyn. Whitman set most of the type himself. No author's name appeared on the title-page, but a steel-engraving from a daguerreotype by the famous "Gabe" Harrison was used as a frontispiece, and has been retained in almost all later editions. This edition contained twelve poems and a prose preface. The latter has never been reprinted since as a part of *Leaves of Grass*, but portions of it were afterward incorporated into poems.

Although the first edition had practically no

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sale, the following year (1856) brought forth the second edition, a small sixteenmo of 384 pages, containing thirty-two poems, including all in the first edition. It was on the back of this volume that Whitman printed the commendatory line from Emerson, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." This edition was published by Messrs. Fowler and Wells, New York, but their name did not appear on the title-page.

The first edition to appear through regular publishers was issued by Messrs. Thayer and Eldridge, in Boston (1860–61), and was said at the time to have been one of the finest specimens of typography which had appeared from an American press. It was a bulky volume, very curiously bound, and is quite familiar in the shape of spurious reprints surreptitiously put forth by a New York publisher who purchased the plates at a sheriff's sale, Messrs. Thayer and Eldridge having failed at the outbreak of the war.

The fourth edition in 1867 (New York, no publisher's name) is chiefly interesting from the fact that in this volume the poems commenced to assume the general arrangement of the final editions.

The war poems were published originally in a small volume, *Drum Taps*, in 1865, and afterward included as a part of the 1867 edition.

The fifth edition (Washington, 1872) was a well-printed volume containing considerable new matter, and was published and handled by Whitman himself. Some portions of this edition had been originally published in three small brochures entitled *Passage to India*, *After All Not to Create Only*, and *As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free*.

One of the most interesting editions was the sixth (published by Whitman at Camden, N. J., in 1876), which was issued in two volumes entitled *Leaves of Grass* and *Two Rivulets*, the latter containing prose and poetry. They were bound in half leather, and each volume was autographed as sold. The prompt pecuniary response (especially from England) which this edition received was undoubtedly the means of prolonging the life of the poet, whose courage, purse, and health were then at the lowest ebb.

In 1881–82 the poet again found a regular publisher, the firm of James R. Osgood and Company publishing the seventh edition of *Leaves of Grass*. It is a curious fact that in the first twenty-six years of its history the only two publishers whose imprint appeared upon this work were Boston houses. Unfortunately, owing to a threat of prosecution arising from an imperfect knowledge of the nature of the book, Messrs. Osgood and Company abandoned the publication and turned the plates over to Whitman, who at once brought out another edition through Messrs. Rees, Welch and Company (Philadelphia, 1882). Mr. David McKay, then manager of this firm, succeeded to their general publishing business about 1884, and since that time has published all of Whitman's works.

The final edition issued during Whitman's life appeared while he was on his deathbed, in the winter of 1891–92. Since his death a paper edition (1896) has been issued by Mr. McKay, with a special view toward supplying a book within the means of the working people of England, where Whitman has so many ardent admirers.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1897.

Again, by the sales of the past month, the fact that most of the reading done during the summer is of fiction has been very decidedly demonstrated. While there has been an undercurrent of miscellaneous literature sold, the demand has been overwhelmingly for fiction and confined largely to a limited number of titles. *The Choir Invisible* has led in point of sale, closely followed by *Quo Vadis*, which has almost been equalled by *Soldiers of Fortune*. The sales of these books have simply been tremendous for this time of year. *Equality* has improved in sale, and may be said to lead the second class, with *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*, *The House-Boat on the Styx* (which has picked up materially since the publication of the sequel), and *The Martian*, which has hardly come up to expectations. In addition to the above, *Uncle Bernac*, *The Honourable Peter Sterling*, *The Triumph of Death*, *The Massarenes*, *An Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*, and *Many Cargoes* are selling readily.

The month's publications have been comparatively light. They include, however, in fiction, *Mrs. Creighton's Creditor*, by Mrs. Alexander; *Wolfville*, by Alfred Henry Lewis, illustrated by Frederic Remington; and *A Colonial Free-Lance* and *The Folly of Pen Harrington* in Appleton's Town and Country Library. In miscellaneous subjects we have had *Peter the Great*, by K. Waliszewski; *The People for whom Shakespeare Wrote*, by Charles Dudley Warner, and *Montaigne and Other Essays*, by Thomas Carlyle.

The outdoor department in literature still shows some activity, *Citizen Bird*, by Mabel Osgood Wright, and *Familiar Features of the Roadside*, by F. Schuyler Mathews, being in good demand.

The interest in the Klondike gold region has occasioned considerable call for guide-books and works on Alaska at present. Among those obtainable are *Alaska*, by Miner W. Bruce, and Ballou's *Alaska*, while others are announced for early publication.

The publishers are now showing their lines for the fall trade. They consist as usual of the various editions of sixteenmo and twelvemo sets, illustrated works, booklets, calendars, and board and cloth-bound juveniles. These all bid fair to be as numerous and attractive as in former years. The juveniles are perhaps to the fore more than any other class, and there are now published new books by such well-known juvenile writers as Hezekiah Butterworth, Orison Sevett Marden, and Kirk Munroe. *Phronsie Pepper*, by Margaret Sidney, is likely to be one of the leaders during the season.

Trade in general has naturally been rather quiet during the month. Library business has been moving, and advance orders for text-books have been noticeable. The travellers from the West report comparatively good sales and a more hopeful feeling, so that the outlook seems to be good for an increased business during the coming months.

The leading books of the month, as indicated by their sales, were:

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

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Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
Equality. By Edward Bellamy. $1.50.
The Martian. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.
The House-Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
The Pursuit of the House-Boat. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
Uncle Bernac. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.
The Honourable Peter Sterling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
The Triumph of Death. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. $1.50.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. $1.25.
An Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. By Thomas Nelson Page. 75 cents.
On the Face of the Waters. By Annie Flora Steel. $1.50.
The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.50.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. $1.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1897.

Trade is always very sluggish in July, and the bookseller who makes more than his expenses during this, the dullest of the dull months, is the exception rather than the rule. Customers are out of town, schools and other institutions of learning are closed, and what reading is done is usually of the lightest kind. In fact, the dog days have come to be regarded as a kind of vacation term for literary people, and no one reads much.

In accordance with expectations, therefore, the demand last month was confined for the most part to fiction, and books in other classes went, with a few exceptions, very slowly. On every hand one hears the complaint that there is very little doing, but from a comparative standpoint the month's business was, on the whole, fair—relatively, of course, as the sum total of July trade never amounts to much.

Dulness prevailed also in publishing circles, and the output was very small, only one book, *The Martian*, being produced entitled to rank among the best selling books of the month. *Phronsie Pepper*, by Margaret Sidney, deserves mention, as it will probably be one of the best selling juvenile books of the coming season, and *Citizen Bird* is a work of more than average merit, even for a season so rich in ornithological literature.

The Klondike craze has been responsible for an increased demand for books on mining and kindred subjects, and during the first week or so of the gold fever many calls were received for pocket maps of Alaska. Customers could not at first be satisfactorily accommodated, but with ready enterprise the publishers soon met this defect, and now there are a dozen or more of desirable maps in the market.

Chicago was the rendezvous of nearly all the travelling bookmen in the country last month, and local booksellers were busy buying their fall bills. Samples of current books and forthcoming new publications which will appear later were shown, and orders secured for the same. It would, perhaps, be conducive to larger orders if an effort were made to provide for the July trade more adequate samples of the new books than those usually shown. Each year less attention seems to be paid to this important particular, and in many cases a doubtful-looking cover or a rough proof or two of the illustrations are all that the salesman has to show. Most people nowadays, from the wholesale to the retail buyer, wish to see the complete article or an approximation to it.

Among the new books are some which will be heavy sellers. Publishers are striving to make the books as attractive as possible, and the standard of excellence promises to be advanced materially. Trade was good, so the salesmen report, during the whole of the "Fair," as it is now called, and it is a long time since so much confidence in regard to a good fall business was to be seen on every hand. The outlook is decidedly a bright one.

The Choir Invisible and *Soldiers of Fortune* were again the best selling books of the month. *Equality* sold very largely for a book that is not considered exactly summer reading, while *Quo Vadis* still keeps up its extraordinary sale. *The Honourable Peter Sterling* continues to gain in popularity, and J. K. Bangs's latest effort, *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*, went very well. Generally speaking, sales of popular fiction were above the average of the previous month.

The following books were most prominent in last month's demand:

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
Equality. By Edward Bellamy. $1.25.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
The Martian. By G. Du Maurier. $1.75.
The Hon. Peter Sterling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.
The Pursuit of the House-Boat. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.25.
Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
After Her Death. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope. $1.75.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. $1.50.
Miss Archer Archer. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25.
Arnaud's Masterpiece. By W. C. Larned. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, June 21 to July 24, 1897.

With the Diamond Jubilee celebrations completed, trade has again resumed its normal condition. So many counter-attractions out of doors obviously cause the present season to be a quiet one for the sale of general literature. On the whole booksellers may be congratulated

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on the fact that it is no worse, for a considerable reaction was anticipated. Trade with the colonies and abroad generally pursues the even tenor of its way, and orders are received, satisfactory both in volume and number, but an increase is always welcomed.

The decease of Mrs. Oliphant has stimulated the demand for her works, and a 2s. 6d. issue of her works, which has just been brought out, is deservedly popular.

It is hardly the time of the year for a very brisk trade in 6s. novels. Nevertheless, a considerable amount of business is being done in this class of work, and the principal book is *Soldiers of Fortune*, by R. H. Davis. *On the Face of the Waters* and *Flames* come next in favour, the popularity of the former being remarkable for its continuance.

A pamphlet on the ΛΟΓΙΑ ΙΗΣΟΥ, the recently discovered biblical manuscript, has attracted much attention, in short (to quote Micawber) has sold well. Books dealing with Butterflies and Moths, Birds and Flowers, with beautifully coloured plates, are in the height of their season. Gordon's series seem to be the favourites.

The interest evinced in works dealing with the life and times of St. Augustine is very marked.

Publications obviously issued for the Jubilee season are enquired for in a moderate way. *The Queen's Resolve* and *The Private Life of the Queen* still find buyers.

The forthcoming issue of the *Life of Queen Victoria* by the librarian of Windsor Castle is anxiously awaited. It is announced that, among other reasons, the publication has been postponed in order that an account of the recent celebrations may be embodied. Dickens is decidedly reviving in popularity, and the work by his daughter entitled *My Father as I Recall Him* is a distinct success.

There is still a considerable issue of new books and new editions, some hundreds having been published during the present month—some, valuable treatises and publications of a class that will be in demand for years to come, and others, probably the larger number, that, after the lapse of a few weeks, will never again be mentioned. Has the proportion of the latter to the former ever been ascertained?

The list of favourite books which follows is based upon actual business done in the works mentioned, and may make a fair claim to being a reliable index of the popular fancy.

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
My Run Home. By R. Boldrewood. 6s.
Dracula. By B. Stoker. 6s.
Dear Faustina. By R. Broughton. 6s.
Uncle Bernac. By C. Doyle. 6s.
Patience Sparhawk. By G. Atherton. 4s. 6d. net.
Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
The Quest of the Golden Girl. By R. Le Gallienne. 5s. net.
The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore. By H. Godfrey. 3s. 6d.
My Father as I Recall Him. By M. Dickens. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between July 1, 1897, and August 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Letters to an Unknown. By Merimée; trans. by Du Bois. $1.25. (Brentano.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. By Page. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. House-Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1 25. (Harper.)

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Farthest North. 2 vols. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.00. (McClurg & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Pink Marsh. By Ade. $1.25. (Stone.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. A Story-Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. A Story-Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.25. (Scribner.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. $1.50. (Richmond & Co.)
6. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Well Beloved. By Hardy. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. The Landlord at Lion's Head. By Howells. $1.75. (Harper.)

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Kites, How to Make and How to Fly Them. By Varney. 15 cts. (Walker & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. The Master Beggars. By Cornford. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Captain Shays. By Rivers. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. In Simpkinsville. By Stuart. $1.25. (Harper.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. House-Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.25. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century.)
5. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
6. Mutable Many. By Barr. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Miss Sheriff. By Thanet. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. That Affair Next Door. By Green. $1.00. (Putnam.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. By Bangs, $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Landlord Lion's Head. By Howells. $1.75. (Harper.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Martian. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Private Life of the Queen. By a member of royal household. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

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